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(JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.)

## REVIEWS

### PUBLICATIONS OF THE ORIENTAL TRANSLATION FUND.

*The Chronicles of Rabbi Joseph Ben Joshua Ben Meir, the Sphardi.* Translated from the Hebrew by C. H. F. Biallobotzky. Vol. II. *The History of the Afghans.* Translated from the Persian by Dr. Bernhard Dorn. Part II. We reviewed a portion of the second volume of Rabbi Joseph's *Chronicles* in our 427th number, and promised, when the work was completed, to examine the author's account of the revolt at Genoa, of which he was an eye-witness. Dramatists, poets, and novelists, have excited an interest in the fate of Count Fieschi, and his name has been so recently recalled to our memory by the plots of another Fieschi, the contriver of the infernal machine, that we need make no apology for investigating this strange episode in European history.

The Genoese are justly proud of Andrew Doria; but though he restored the independence, he destroyed the liberty of his country, by substituting an oligarchy for the popular government, to which the citizens were accustomed. His grand-nephew, Giannettino, to whom he resolved to bequeath his private fortune, was secretly ambitious of succeeding to Andrew Doria's power; and the patriot himself showed more anxiety for the aggrandizement of his relative than for the safety of the republic. The Rabbi draws a very unfavourable character of Giannettino: "His heart was lifted up, and he was in gold his hope, and because of his pride he was an abhorring unto all flesh." The testimony of Folletta confirms this account:—"He demanded the homage of his equals with the instance of a superior, and many became his enemies who bore his uncle the strongest affection." Gian Luigi del Fieschi was a brave and ambitious noble; he viewed the usurpations of the younger Doria with great indignation, but the gratitude he owed to the elder might have induced him to acquiesce, had he not been stimulated by a private injury. This is a new feature in the narrative, and it rests, we believe, solely on the Rabbi Joseph's authority; but we shall see hereafter that he possessed the best means of procuring accurate information.

"Now Gian Luigi, Conte del Fieschi, had a wife, who was beautiful and well-favoured, and her name was Leonora; and Giannettino loved her, and his evil came to her; and he spake kindly to her day by day for the love he had to her. And the thing was known to Gian Luigi, who became jealous of his wife; but he comforted himself as touching Giannettino, purposing to kill him; for jealousy is the rage of a man, and who is able to stand before jealousy?"

The character of Fieschi rendered him a dangerous foe to the Dorias.

"And Gian Luigi was a mighty hunter and of a goodly mien; and the greater part of the men of the city lifted up their eyes unto him, and loved him passing the love of women, for hunting was in his mouth (that is, he courted popularity); his lips dropped as an honey-comb; and Giannettino put on revenge, and the thing was known to Gian Luigi; and it was evil, in his sight. And from this time forth, he devised mischief in his heart against Giannettino and against his master, but continued to speak every day peaceably to them, for Andrea Doria had been as a father unto him and unto his brethren, from the day when their father died."

As Rabbi Joseph's account differs in some important particulars from the ordinary narrative of the historians, especially in what he relates respecting Giannettino, we must show the source from which he derived his information.

"A Jew-man, whose name was Solomon, the son of Samuel, and his son Moses, were carried bound in those days in the ships which were under the hand of Giannettino; and on the fourth day of the week, on the twenty-ninth day of the tenth month, I went down to deliver them out of his hand. And they gave me up the old man, at the word of his master, according as it was commanded, when I gave another (viz. a Turk) in his stead, life for life. And at that time Giannettino said unto me, 'I will not give up the young man, unless thou give me three Turks in his stead, or their value in money.' And I said, 'Not so, my lord, my power is gone.' And he said, 'Speak no more unto me of this matter.' And I said, 'Thou speakest truly; but behold, my lord, and see, that the end of *Sebubim* (gold-pieces) is *Sebubim* (flies), and they are a vain thing for safety.' And he thought scorn, on account of the greatness of his covetousness, and laughed and said, 'Thou dost not know that *treasures* were made to rove. And as for the young man, I will not let him go.' And he set not his heart to my words."

This Jew, during the subsequent disturbance, sought refuge in Rabbi Joseph's house, and became bound to him by the strongest ties of gratitude.

"On that day the second Jew fled into my house; and I hid him, and let him go free. Then I said, 'The Lord is a God of knowledge, and by him actions are weighed.' Are not these the words which I spoke unto Giannettino, saying, 'That pieces of gold are vain things for safety.' And the young Jew was taken the second time near Alessandria, for they recognized him; and I gave another slave in his stead to rid him out of their hands."

It is known that Fieschi first revealed his plot at a banquet, to which he invited the chiefs of the popular faction; but we learn from the Rabbi that his original design was to assassinate the Dorias at this feast, and that he displayed consummate hypocrisy in averting suspicion.

"And Gian Luigi went again into the house of Andrea Doria as often times before, and said unto him, 'Now I have found favour in thy sight, let, I pray thee, my lord and Giannettino, come to the banquet that I shall prepare for them to-morrow; and he said, 'I will come, my son.' But Andrea Doria fell sick, and they went not thither. And some men wrote unto Andrea Doria, saying, 'Beware of the family of the Fieschi.' And his heart fainted, for he believed them not. And he said, 'Who of the family of the Fieschi can do less or more except the count, and he is my son?' This is nothing but the wicked heart of those who walk with slanders, and may the Lord cut off all flattering lips." And while they were yet speaking, behold, Gian Luigi was in the court, for he feared lest his secret should be discovered, and came within to spy, and stole their hearts, and spake peaceably unto them and kissed the children of Giannettino, and went out from them in peace."

The result is generally known; Fieschi gained possession of the fleet and harbour, but the negligence of his brother enabled Andrew Doria to escape. In the tumult of the eventful night both Giannettino and Fieschi perished. The Rabbi gives some new particulars respecting the manner of their death.

"And the fame thereof was heard in the house of Andrea Doria, and Giannettino ran at the noise toward the wall at the entering-in of the gate of the city, and cried aloud. And the men of the count went

out against him, and slew him. And his carcass hath been as dung upon the earth until noon, that none gathere. And Andrea and the little children of Giannettino fled at the cry of them, for they said, 'Lest the earth swallow us up also.' And he rode upon a horse, and did flee naked and barefoot; he looked not behind him, for he knew not whence this great evil came upon them. And it came to pass, when the rash Gian Luigi went in the darkness of the night unto the ships, being clad in a scaled coat of mail, and having an helmet of brass on his head, that his feet slipped and he fell into the sea, and he utterly fainted and died; and there was none to save him, because of the great cry that was there, and his mother became childless among women at that time. And the nations heard of their destruction, that the mighty man hath stumbled against the mighty, and they are fallen together, Giannettino and the count, in the same day; namely, the third day of the month of January, in the year one thousand five hundred and forty-seven.

"And the brethren of Gian Luigi and much people that had joined him, went in the streets of the town, and cried with a loud voice, saying, 'May the people of the country live;' and they proclaimed liberty to all the inhabitants at that time. And they said that they would take the palace where the doge was; and the men of the city trembled greatly, and they went thither and demanded it of them by command of the count; but they answered them, 'Let Gian Luigi come, and whatsoever he shall say unto us we will do; for his fear fell upon them, and they knew not that his day had come, and that the time of his visitation had come upon him.'

The conspirators lost all courage when their leader fell; the partisans of the senate took advantage of their stupor to restore the oligarchy; Fieschi's brothers were cruelly persecuted, his palace razed to the ground, and his memory stigmatized. "But," as the Rabbi says, "Giannettino was the cause of all this, as the ancient proverb saith, out of the wicked cometh forth wickedness." The Rabbi strenuously condemns the cruelty with which Fieschi's relatives were treated by the Dorias after the surrender of their mountain fortress, Montobbio.

"And Domenico Doria took four men of the friends of Gerolamo and some of his servants, and slaughtered them like kids before the eyes of day; and his hand was stretched out still. And the officers of the host rebuked him, and would not let him do so again, as it was in his wicked heart at that time. Of the rest of the men, they sent some bound unto the galleys; and they remain there until this day. And the count Gerolamo, and two of his kinsmen they put in ward, and made their lives bitter with chastisements; their eye had no compassion upon them. And it came to pass, after some days, that they took their heads from off them in the midst of the fortress; there has no such cruelty been done in Italy from the time she became a nation. And the walls of the fortress she cast to the ground, and the lords of Genoa surely thrust out Garibaldi altogether from their territory."

The Rabbi records many curious incidents in the wars of Charles V., which have escaped the notice of other historians; and gives some interesting particulars of such natural phenomena as occurred during the period. He thus speaks of the overflowing of the Tiber, in the year 1530.

"And in the eighth month, on the sixth of the month, the Lord caused it to rain upon Rome, and its environs, the portion of their cup. And the windows of heaven were opened. And on the seventh day the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the waters of the flood were upon the earth. And the waters prevailed, and they increased much upon the earth; and the river Tiber came into the

city in the middle of the night, in the night of the sabbath; and the city was in consternation. And the Tiber increased more and more, and overflowed in abundance; and houses filled with every thing good it cast to the ground. And the houses of the city were filled with mire and dirt: and the church of the Spaniards in the Piazzo Navona was almost cast down, and its walls were shaken, because He was wroth. And the waters prevailed, so that all the marks were covered, whereunto the waters reached of old times, and they prevailed ten spans above; the like has not been from the day it was founded, until now. And they went in boats in the streets of the town. For the waters prevailed in some parts from the foundations of the houses unto the second story, so they sold them which sat upon it provision. And there was a great cry in Rome during that night, and on the next morning, whose like was not before when strangers seized its property; for this overthrow was much greater. And there died from the overflowing of the proud waters, about three thousand souls of men, and much cattle. And the number of the houses which the waters cast down were four hundred; and the wine, and the oil, and the wheat, and the flour, and the clothes which the waters overflowed, were countless. And on the tenth day of the month, which was the second day, about thirty houses were pulled down in the Via Giulia. And in the night of the eleventh day of the month, of the year one thousand five hundred and thirty, the palace of Eusebio was cast down, which he bought for ten thousand ducats; and there died Eusebio and about forty souls with him under its *ruins* in that night. Tell it to your children, and let your children tell it to their children, and their children to another generation; for what the great pestilence left, the sword of Bourbon devoured; and what the sword of Bourbon left, the famine devoured; and what was left of the famine, the proud waters devoured: the Lord is just, and Rome became very poor in those days. And it was told me that there died not one of the children of Israel, the mercy of the Lord being upon them, except one old woman; may her rest be glorious! It was the finger of God."

He also makes mention of the volcanic eruption which, in 1538, engulfed the village of Tribergole, filled up in degree the Lucrine Lake, and left Monte Nuovo "a witness until this day."

"And the earth opened her mouth as a burning oven at Pozzuolo, which is nigh unto Naples, in these days. And the people feared much; and the inhabitants of Pozzuolo fled before the great flaming fire, and before the stones, which were constantly cast up towards heaven. And the heat and the darkness, and the ashes of the furnace waxed greater and greater far abroad, and their hearts melted, and became as water, for the nations were dismayed at it, and many drew nigh unto the thick darkness to behold it; but the great fire consumed them, and the rest fled at their cry, for they feared lest some evil should overtake them. The sea also saw it and fled, and the reeds decayed and dried up for three miles, because of the multitude of stones which came out daily. That heap is a witness, and the pillar is a witness, until this day that it was the finger of God."

But his attention is principally engaged by the condition of his nation, which was still subject to occasional bursts of persecution. During one of these, when the Jews were driven from Genoa under some one or other of the absurd pretences with which bigotry is ever ready to excuse cruelty, Rabbi Joseph lost his favourite son, and he records the event with a burst of sorrow which must awaken sympathy in every bosom. The afflicted patriot and father bewails the calamities of his nation and family in the nervous language of the Prophets, reminding us of Rabbi Solomon's well-known exclamation:—"Wailings are the notes that most frequently issue from the harp of Judah."

"For the mountains will I take up a weeping and wailing, because I looked for good, and evil came unto me; my harp also is turned to mourning. I looked for peace, and there was none; for the choicest of youths was taken away when the fruit of

my womb, the son of my vows was visited: the Lord is righteous! Why did the knees prevent me to see labor and sorrow; let not the day wherein my mother bare me be blessed. The violence done to me be upon this my evil time, which has brought me to days and years in which I have no pleasure; for what pleasure have I yet, after this grief, when the arrows of his trials which my son met with, set themselves in array at the gate; they smote me, they wounded me, and embittered me; He has caused the arrows of his quiver to enter into me; my reins they have broken asunder; they did not give me rest till I swallowed down my spittle; so that my days were consumed in vanity; my bitter and impetuous heart roareth like the seas; mine eye trickleth down and censeth not. Weeping endureth at night, and in the morning cometh lamentation; and a mourning as the owls. Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears! for it is no good report.

"Judah, the priest, my son, was a lion's whelp, of whom we said, 'Under his shadow we shall live.' Because of our transgressions, he stooped down, he couched, and was not; for God took him in the night of the sixth day, on the twenty-ninth of the month Shebat in the year three hundred and nine. And he went to his rest and left us sighing. Blessed be the true Judge! Let that night be solitary, for on the same my house was spoiled suddenly; in a moment were my curtains spoiled, for my sun was darkened; the crown [top] of my head fell, the stars of my heaven drew back; who has believed my report, my grief is very great. The work that has been wrought is grievous unto me, and there is no comforter; he that was stronger than a cedar (in wisdom a father) planted by the finger of God; alas! the hewer came upon him when he was seventeen years old. Woe unto the eyes which have seen this! this I will recall into my bitter and impetuous heart, that our Maker has prepared for him a fountain of life: with this we can be comforted, as there is left for our souls an everlasting salvation in the house of the king. I hope that the God of the spirits of all flesh will bind up his pure soul in the bundle of life, and that his rest will be glorious. And on me, the embittered one, and on the grieved spirit of my wife Paloma, HE will have compassion, and comfort us, and will deal more kindly with our latter end and last days, than with our beginning, for the sake of his great name; for in him my soul trusteth, therefore I hope in him."

In our former notices of this work we mentioned that the Rabbi has taken the historians of the Old Testament for his model; indeed, many passages of the work are a mere cento from the sacred writings, especially that which we have just quoted. Mr. Biallobotzky has preserved this peculiarity, by taking for his standard in the translation of these phrases, our authorized version of the Scriptures.

The second part of the History of the Afghans is chiefly occupied by the lives of their saints. The inflated titles given to these Sheikhs sound strangely in European ears; such as "the sun of the sphere of guidance"—"the extract of the herbage of religion"—"the crocodile in the ocean of unity"—"the diver in the ocean of abstract knowledge and traveller in the desert of truth"—"the trustee of divine mysteries"—"the wanderer on the field of generosity," and many others equally extravagant. Nothing can exceed the absurdity of the miracles attributed to these worthies: we may quote, as a specimen, the following anecdote of Sheikh Avdal.

"He was an ecstatic saint, and deeply penetrated with the divine love. One day meeting in the market with a handsome Nilani woman, he forthwith threw his arms around her. Some police officers seized them in consequence, and conducted them before the governor of Kandahar, who ordered them to be cast into a burning oven where meat was roasting. This being executed, not a hair of their heads was injured by the fire; and both, sitting in the flames, employed themselves in eating the roast meat."

This assuredly deserves a place in Whycott's catalogue of "extraordinary situations."

The work contains a very copious account of the Afghan tribes, and this portion of it is very profusely illustrated by Mr. Dorn, from the great collection of Oriental histories at St. Petersburg. These precious manuscripts were *borrowed* by the Russians, under the pretence of having them copied, but the Persian institutions to which they belonged have vainly applied to the cabinet of St. Petersburg for the originals or the copies.

*Christian Art*—[*L'Art Chrétien*.] By A. F. Rio. Paris, Debécourt; London, Dulau.

In addressing ourselves on the subject of this book to an English public, we feel as missionaries about to preach the pure joys of heaven to the inhabitants of Mohammed's paradise. Upon the threshold, separating like a gigantic causeway these two Elysiums, we stop and ask ourselves—though we speak through the trumpets of the seraphim, should we be heard? and if yes, should we be heard deeply?—should we be heard in the heart? We doubt it, even were our words set to the music of the spheres, and chorused by the Eleven Thousand Virgins. Will the blind-worm dance to the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely? Would not his best wisdom be, to leave it in its ooze, without seeking to draw the groveller upon him? Why, even to name the object of our coming, requires us to raise our hearts as with a windlass: instead of applause, we expect the fallen angels' salutation to Satan at the end of his speech—an universal hiss: we must steel our ears for it. There is scarce a word, not intrinsically offensive, in our language, more an abomination to English taste than the one we must use: and we confess it should be so, while retaining its commonplace sense among us. We hope this hesitation to pronounce it will evince, in the very act of provoking the war-whoop against us, our respect for the voice of the million, though considered by the critics as less oracular upon art than other matters. *Mysticism*, then, is the dreaded name of Demogorgon, the detested: shall we venture to break a lance with the giant of Materialist Art in defence of *Mystical*, without being set down as the flower and cream of literary Quixotes? Truly, ignorance is a most fearful ogre to contend with!—and prejudice a very fiend!

Our countrymen, we surmise, do not altogether comprehend what the mystical style of art means: perhaps now hear that there is such a thing, with the same face of wonder as they put on at first hearing of the Lizard forty feet long, or Dinothereum, or paradoxical bird-beasts of New Holland. Many will, no doubt, figure it to themselves as the art of blazoning cabalistic phantasmagoria with the brimstone of purgatory, and the rouge of the Scarlet Lady, dissolved in the water of the Lake of Darkness, and put into witches' cauldrons for gallipots,—some such occult, Jejitical process,—so, would raise a no-popery cry against it. Few, if any, have a suspicion that the said mystical style comprises, in its due extent, those master-pieces of art, the Elgin Marbles, as well as almost all the more transcendental productions of the Grecian chisel. M. Rio himself, though an enthusiast for *l'Ecole Mystique*, does not seem to have spread his mind through its whole comprehensiveness, when he limits it to "Christian Art;" it is far less peculiar to his mother-church than he pretends, and more really Catholic, being compatible with all religions, as well those which precede, as follow our era, though we grant, most congenial with one. But an Englishman's sense of the term is lamentably insular and contracted: it is like his narrowness of view on many subjects: he stands at the bottom of his own coal-shaft, taking in a little hand-breadth of light above, by way of a horizon, instead of ascending the pinnacles to

obtain one on the top. Let us give up our sense, and do at our concient, having some *Mysticism*, which is a division: it were better to ask, use a wider artistic term, Europe, and debase the sense of it. *Mysticism* among with her he mysticism shall there of abroad, foreigners, is always under Arts, in its to consider to affect us medium of communication with another pencil and a pagan as we go to the mystic however, the nations as seen by their religion is not there one thousand Maratti, or be only a few Rubens's Crucifixions, the sublimest of mere excuse obscure: moreover the beauty of Paul Veronese a gorge seating the Nicholas' (one appealing vent humil portion of being the senger over the rest of palette: the sentiment with lustre canvas. Of mystic suspicion of style, notwithstanding countenance of blaze of colour. Many other masters did style, and those of Raphael's Cartoons them of the in his profane the Vaticane he painted. This were we give it say, no 2 confined seeing no laymen, such labourers. These are painters, a ever exceed stupendous surveyed

chain one only bounded by the great hemisphere. Let us give the word its true, philosophical sense, and defy the foul fiend to snarl or sneer at our conclusions from it. To proceed without having sounded so deep and dark a word as *Mysticism*, would be stepping straight into perdition: it would prove a gulf of all good arguments for ever. But wherefore, a friend may ask, use a word in bad odour?—Because it is the artistic term, recognized throughout continental Europe, and repudiated only by England, who debases the word, having no use for the exalted sense of it.

*Mysticism in England* is—Folly with her head among the clouds: on the continent—Genius with her head among the stars: no wonder if *mysticism* should be here an object of derision, there of admiration. True, the word has, with foreigners, its derogative meaning also; but it is always understood by them, as regards the *Fine Arts*, in its dignified sense. The *mystical style*, to consider it most largely, is that which seeks to affect us in an eminent degree, through the medium of our sympathies and believed relations with another world. Thus, all productions of the pencil and chisel, involving religious mysteries, pagan as well as not, approximate more or less to the *mystical style*. For the sake of distinction, however, this title is limited to such representations as seek to affect us, in an eminent degree, by their *religious spirit*. Every religious picture is not therefore of the *mystical style*; nor one in one thousand. A 'Virgin and Child,' by Carlo Maratti, or a 'Redemption,' by Bronzino, may be only a frigid display of draping or drawing: Rubens's *Last Judgments* and Rembrandt's *Crucifixions*, though employed about the very sublimest of religious mysteries, are little beyond mere excuses for brilliant colouring and clair-obscur: most later works indeed, how scriptural soever their subjects, produce effect upon us by the beauty of their profane treatment alone. Paul Veronese's 'Miracle of the Wine,' or *Cena*, is a gorgeous piece of arras, veiling, not representing the mystery: his 'Consecration of St. Nicholas' (No. 12, Angerstein's Gallery), makes one appeal to our spiritual affections, by the fervent humility of the Saint depressed into a dim portion of the middle-ground; but magnificence being the painter's chief aim, Heaven's messenger overhead flanks like an oriflamme, and the rest of the picture is little else than a rich palette: this artist perpetually blots out any sentiment that would gleam through his subject, with lustrious touches thickening upon the canvas. Certain works, though not by disciples of *mysticism*, verge towards it—Titian's 'Assumption of the Virgin,' belongs in part to this style, notwithstanding those radiant seraphic countenances are all but lost amidst the splendid blaze of colour that chiefly kindle admiration. Many other far-famed productions of the old masters divide themselves between the *mystical style*, and the unmystical, more or less unequally: those of Raffael, such as the 'Transfiguration,' the 'Cartoons,' have, beyond question, much about them of the former character, though executed in his profane years, long after the 'Dispute' of the Vatican, where, our author would contend, he painted his eternal farewell to *mysticism*. This were immuring the word very closely: we give it far more latitude. M. Rio is, we dare say, no *Trappiste*, yet surely he takes a most confined and cloisteral view of his subject, in seeing none but certain monks, and devotee laymen, such as Fra Beato, Perugino, Francia—louiseurs in the ethereal field of *mysticism*! These are by no means restricted to *Madonna-painters*, and primitive artists of that class, however excellent. Does he forget the Vault and stupendous gable-end of the Sistine? Or has he surveyed them through a capillary tube, which

presented him spots, instead of their general scope and character? To class out these works from amongst the mystical, as M. Rio does, first by omitting them in his catalogue, and again by denominating their author a "paganist," and a "naturalist" (names which he considers as synonymous, though not at all so, with anti-mystical)—is like an astrologer excluding Saturn from among the planets, and calling it a miscreate body, or mock-star, instead of a pre-eminent member of their system. Michael Angelo, however much an idolator of pagan art (the nearest to perfection, be it remembered, extant), however much an imitator of Nature's handiwork (no despicable model), was not only a votarist of *mysticism*, but carried it higher than any proselyte, save Fra Beato himself. Yet he painted neither *dyptic*, nor *tryptic*, nor *Ex voto*, nor altar-piece, to enhance the rapture and deepen the fervour of prayer. His Prophets and Sibyls, by their mysterious, ultra-mundane character and expression—by their amplification, so to speak, of the human form and movement, and virtual energy, seem to connect us, through those supernatural images of ourselves, with the beings of a higher sphere. Taking together the whole pictorial Mystery of the Sistine Chapel, to which these columnar figures appertain, it may be said that there is no artistic work of man, whereby the two worlds, material and metaphysical, are brought apparently so near, or whereby we, the tenants of the lower one, are led up in spirit along the air-drawn ladder of imagination, to obtain such awful prospects, shadowy and hypothetic as they may be, into the other. We grant them for the most part mere fictions: nothing can impart certitude of the outer world, except *Revelation*, *Mosaical* or *Christian*, the which have chosen to impart but little: nevertheless this truth would tell equally against all *mysticism*, that of Fra Beato, as well as Michaelangelo. It is enough that both "seek to affect us through our sympathies and believed relations with another world." Many works besides of Buonarotti's might be quoted (the Allegorical Statues of the Capella de Medici, for example), which prove him as fully inspired by the genius of *mysticism*, as Dante in a kindred art: still his works are all so remarkable for design and other profane merits, that scarce any of them can be accounted simply mystical, or he himself numbered with the adherents of this style. Having now enlarged the sphere of the word to its proper dimension, we may perceive how the Elgin Marbles come within it; as well as various monuments of classic sculpture, in particular those denominated *Chorographic*, representing mythological rites and mysteries. No doubt much of their religious spirit and effect is lost upon us, who are of a far other creed, and live when their ceremonial has become a dead letter: but we can well imagine how those august personifications of their Gods and Heroes semi-divine, those sacred Processions, transmitted in all the grandeur of their formality to marble, those solemn dances and mystic revels, upon which it was fatal to gaze, except when they were concealed in stone, we can well imagine how these should have affected the antique Grecians through their sympathies and believed relations with another world. Even now, an enthusiastic mind, while contemplating the tremendous beauty of those forms—the sitting Goddesses, the Three Fates, the Theseus—will deem itself in the presence of superior beings; and if classically imbued, will acknowledge an influence as it were like a divine halo breathing from their limbs and garments:—this, upon the mind of heathen Greeks, was a religious sensation, and this sort of impressiveness constitutes the mystical nature of the marbles. To us, however, greatness of design and exterior treatment

are their preponderating merits, and even to the worshippers of polytheism must have been objects of such delight as to compete with the charm of their *mysticism*: in the case of free-thinkers to prevail above it.

Here is now the right place of insertion for the works of Fra Beato Angelico, Perugino, and others, which, with M. Rio, take up the whole scope of *mystical art*: they only stand at the summit, as the most purified, the most sublimed from all elements save religious and ethereal spirit. Those artists did not, however, disdain the use, as far as they understood it, of unmystic elements to improve the effect of their pictures: Perugino designed, coloured, composed, as well as he could; it was not choice, but incapacity, made him give that meagreness to his forms, *cured* look to his flesh, and stiff architrave sameness to his ordonnance: Gian Bellini enriched his primitive, austere compositions with hues as resplendent, if not as mellow, as the most sensual Venetian, Giorgione, could have bestowed on his luxurious productions: Fra Beato himself was an exquisite colourist for his time, most delicately adapting his pale, sweet-clear tints, like those of flowers seen by moonlight, to the seraphic nature of his subject. Nevertheless, in the works of these masters the charm of their religious spirit, by which they affect us through our sympathies with another world, predominates much over all their other attractions; and predominates so much more than the same religious spirit does in any other works—those of Michaelangelo above mentioned, for example—that they are designated, *par excellence*, *purely mystical*.

We have thus endeavoured to give, by means of a few landmarks as possible, a distinct bird's-eye view of what is to be comprehended under the term *Mysticism in Art*. Many of our readers will now, perhaps, as from a new platform to their mental observatory, trace out a wider horizon to the word, and find nobler objects to be contained within it. We are quite willing to grant that our distinctions and definitions of style may fall short of mathematical exactness, but painting is not geometry, neither is sculpture algebra—we have no solicitude about more precision in these matters than will afford glimpses and glimmering prospects of the truth. More should not be expected. Let us here observe, that it is really short-sighted to look for logical definition in all cases of inquiry: numberless ideas, even if they could be conveyed by logical forms, are better conveyed by poetical figures; besides which, many are of such a fugitive nature as to escape all arrest through the regular but round-about process of definition, and are lost for ever in the depths of their own shadowy world, unless at once lightened upon by a flash of the mind, showing them as they disappear. Our humble evidence will probably not be taken for this: we beg leave to quote that of Lord Bacon, contained in his practice: he, though treating on matters scientific—such as *Dialectics*, *Ethics*, &c.—perpetually recurs to metaphor and trope of the hardest, most imaginative kind, to set his ideas under their fullest light before us. It is true, figurative expressions often serve to cloud, though with him they always irradiate the subject: but his preference for them approves their utility and superior power, of which inferior minds may therefore avail themselves with still more reason. Our wish is by no means to commend that noxious growth, entitled "flowers of speech," ever the resource of insincere and feeble purpose, while illustrative figures, not merely ornamental, denote most often an earnest and energetic: such figures as these are, in truth, the last noble despair of the imagination resolute to succeed at the hazard of utter failure,—when

success is, by every other means, impossible. Here at least they merit honour. We have digressed thus much, from a consciousness that our attempt to give the reader a notion anywise scientific of *Mysticism* in the fine arts—to determine its vague limits, and demarcate its visionary provinces one from another, must have been foiled by the difficult nature of such a theme: indefiniteness and uncertainty may well be expected to hang about it, which no form of words, however potent, can clear up—even figurative language itself, the forlorn hope, as we have said, of baffled logicians. But to return.

Advocates of mysticism have much to contend with: prejudice against the name and thing; tendency in the public mind, perhaps also in the artistic, to a style quite the reverse of this—the sensual as to colour, the familiar as to subject; rareness of good specimens, total absence of fine ones, England being all but destitute of such Umbrian and earlier Venetian master-pieces as might recommend the mystical style among us, and inspire a taste for it, besides furnishing a nearer place of appeal for its defenders than the lagoons or the Apennines. Another obstacle is the light wherein our countrymen view the superstitious tenets, traditions, forms, and practices, of what is called *Catholicism*. They hold image-worship in mixed ridicule and horror: a feeling which they generalize from the idolaters to the innocent pictures. Super-sanctification of the Virgin, apocryphal miracles, legendary martyrdoms, are condemned by their purer creed, and scouted by their common sense; yet these very figures supply a great portion of its subject-matter to mystical art, which therefore must lay stronger claims to our English antipathies than affections. M. Rio justly observes, though with particular reference to lukewarm religionists of his own creed, that we cannot feel the full charm of works in this style unless we be penetrated with the faith that inspired them. Nevertheless, all these stumbling-blocks, were they as big as icebergs and as stubborn, should neither stop nor dismay us: we will proceed in our endeavour to naturalize the idea of mystical art among our contemporaries, and to create a nascent interest about it, because we think it may serve hereafter to exalt the British school of painting and sculpture. As regards the *Protestant* obstacle, perhaps no more but this need be said to smooth it down: admiration of mysticism in Italian paintings requires the same kind of conversion to *Popery* that it does to *Polytheism* in the Elgin Marbles. Both may be regarded with a like esteem for their merits, and compassion—that gentle species of contempt—for their mistaken religious objects. Having thus, we hope, rendered the thing, no less than the word, somewhat acceptable to our readers, a velvet way is before us. There are genty, we know, who, as stupid and malicious as the demons that came out of the swine, may persist to misinterpret our explanations upon the one head and the other; but we are likewise aware, that the very waves which murmur and spit their foam round a vessel, serve to support and shoulder her forward. It will suffice if the majority of our readers will understand us as neither recommending the mystified when we praise the mystical, nor exalting the Romish faith when we admire the fervour of religious feeling in those works of art which it encouraged, but which hallow it far more than it ever consecrated them. Let us continue.

The mystical *School* is to be distinguished from the mystical *Style*. This, as we have seen, amalgamates with all art, Heathen no less than Christian, Florentine and Umbrian, long-practised and primitive—we might add, Ultramontane and Italian, upon recalling the Rhenish names of Wohlgemuth and Eymelink—the

Spanish of Zurbaran and Moralez, which latter acquired his title of *El Divino* from his exclusively mystical subjects: that confines itself to one vein of art, and hence becomes properly a school. Works and artists purely mystical (i. e. wherein the religious spirit predominates over all their other qualities to an eminent degree,) form the *Mystical School*, as monuments or as members. Hence we may see why Michael Angelo, though he at times soared into the highest regions of mysticism, does not belong to this school; and why Raffael does at the earlier period of his life,—does not during the latter. Very many other artists followed and forsook it alternately in different works, or partially in the same: Giotto, Perugino himself, Del Sarto, Pontormo, Van Eyck, Murillo. Its chief disciples were Giotto, Orcagna, Fra Angelico da Fiesole—often called *Fra Beato*—Gentil da Fabriano, Fra Bartolomeo, Perugino, young Sanzio, and the two Bellini's. Of these and their subordinates we propose giving a succinct account in a future article; whereby the aims and merits of the school will be rendered more palpable to the reader than when set forth cursorily as above. Here the volume of M. Rio will prove of much use to us, and we may venture a commendation of it to all who desire critical knowledge respecting them. For a champion and eloquent advocate of their cause our author was fitted, by the quality of his mind, in no common degree; he is an enthusiast upon the score of mystical art, and enthusiasm backing opinion, has the virtue of powder behind the ball—it's fire gives force. We esteem and like every zealot but the religious,—at least every zealot for the beautiful and noble in art. A sincere romancer often brings more reality to light than a sound reasoner, because by magnifying objects he makes us see them better; we have only to apply corrections. Nothing ever has been done, or ever can be done excellently, unless done enthusiastically. The mathematician's calculations are pursued with a fervour as glowing as the poet's wildfire,—but concentrated, while this is volatile,—and keeping the eye steadfastly bright, in place of making it glance from “heaven to earth, from earth to heaven”: Newton, while developing with apparent frigidity the truths of his *Principia*, was *Hecla* breathing fire through an exterior of snow. Not that we would maintain the converse, likewise, of our position—viz. everything done enthusiastically is done excellently; if enthusiasm lead far, it sometimes, when unregulated by discretion, leads astray: and it is this difficulty of combining enthusiasm with discretion—the hot with the cold—which renders genius so rare. Discreet enthusiasm! what a union of contradictions!—Yes, and hence but one Homer, but one Shakespeare, but one Longinus. Too much fire of mind, and genius is burnt up—too much coolness, and it is frozen: but at all events, comparing the antagonist qualities, discretion keeps us at a stand, enthusiasm carries us forward: impelled by it, we penetrate, we surmount, we discover, we display, we plunge boldly, though somewhat blindly, into the well of truth (coming up, indeed, perhaps crack-brained in consequence), we mount aloft towards the centre of light, even when the chief mark of illumination we bring back may be a sun-stroke. Enthusiasm puts on the best semblance of inspiration, and is the best substitute for it: our present author possesses much of this valuable attribute, being only deficient in that which is of the higher kind. Enthusiasm tends, by its very nature, to exclusiveness—and exclusiveness we must always consider a species of narrow-mindedness: thus an enthusiast, commonly so called, will idolize Chaucer, but not Milton—will be enraptured with the sweet and pleasant lowlands, but not

the precipitous Alpine heights of poetry—with Raffael but not Michaelangelo, with expression or effect, but not design or colour. This is enthusiasm of the subordinate and common-place description: enthusiasm of the rarer sort, that which alone becomes an elevated and expanded mind—which is never met in a mean one—may be defined the love of *everything good*. This carries with it an air of even divine intelligence, for God sees all the goodness that exists through the universe, and loves it in the least particle as well as in the greatest. Catholic enthusiasm, however, is no qualification of the author before us: canonizing the mystical school of art, he fulminates anathemas against every other; his enthusiasm looks in a hair-breadth line before it, and perceives nothing excellent outside of that single direction. From Masaccio, who gave painting life by the imitation of nature, to Michaelangelo, who gave it power and grandeur by the study of anatomical science and the antique, both they and all their followers of all the schools, are held up to scorn as “naturalists and paganists;” a flaming tongue seems to him in almost every page against them. Why, the contempt of their exclusive admirers for mysticism is not more narrow-minded than this—it is the very bigotry of enthusiasm. We had hoped a better issue from our author's judicious distinction, at the commencement of his work, between painting as an *adjectival* and a *substantive* art—as a mere embellisher of religion, and a development of human power in beautiful handywork. But perhaps we have nothing to regret; our author's current of thought has gained more strength by being confined to a narrow channel; it is only the greater floods that can spread without becoming shallow and sluggish. Prejudices give energy to the mind, fanaticism impels like a passion, and men would often run a less successful course had they not this spur in the brain to grieve them forward. It must be admitted, too, that M. Rio's enthusiasm takes the highest ground, if not the whole: he is no rhapsodical babble about *finish* and *Gerard Dow*—*nature* and *Teniers*—*classic pencil* and *Poussin*—the *grazioso* and *Correggio*—the *naked* and *Carracci*—*carnations* and *Vandyke-effect* and *Rembrandt*; if he does cry up but one style of art, we must allow it to be the noblest, and purest, and most adapted for the sublimest exhibitions of genius—the *Mystical*. Had he included the great works of Michaelangelo, and others under this head, not confining it to a coterie of pietist painters, we should have had little wherewith to tax either his taste or his philosophy.

*Rory O'More: a Romance.* By Samuel Lover, Esq. With Illustrations. 3 vols. Bentley. The spirit of this pleasant work is essentially humorous. It contains sad as well as lively scenes—sentimental, as well as droll illustrations—but the latter, in both cases, bear away the bell. Mr. Lover is well known as a pleasant writer of Irish tales and legends. He has here essayed to take a place among the novelists, and not unsuccessfully. If he fails, it is only as those chiefly practised in writing short stories usually fail—he wants something of the connecting, sustaining, grasping power, which is required for the safe and successful conduct of a company of characters, through the turnings and windings of three long volumes.

The story is easily told. What Irish tale is there, which does not move upon politics, or the consequences of political measures, as upon a pivot? In ‘*Rory O'More*,’ the schemes of Hoche, and Tone, and Madgett, furnish the errand upon which young De Lacy visits the Emerald Isle, to communicate with the “United Irishmen.” He meets with the trusty, warm-

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hearted, cunning hero of the book, on a stage coach—and, having stood his friend in a tongue battle with a purse-proud and insolent fellow-traveller, is assisted, in a shower, "by the loan of a gridiron" to sit upon! Let Rory tell how, and wherefore, he came by it:—

"Why, thin, I'll tell you," said Rory. "I promised my mother to bring a present to the priest from Dublin, and I could not make up my mind rightly what to get all the time I was there. I thought of a pair o' top-boots; for indeed, his reverence's is none of the best, and only you know them to be top-boots, you would not take them to be top-boots, because the bottoms has been put in so often that the tops is wore out entirely, and is no more like top-boots than my brogues. So I went to a shop in Dublin, and picked out the purtiest pair o' top-boots I could see;—when I say purty, I don't mane a flourishin' tarin' pair, but sitch as was fit for a priest, a respectable pair o' boots;—and with that, I pulled out my good money to pay for them, when just at that minit, remembering the thricks o' the town, I bethought o' myself, and says I, 'I suppose these are the right thing?' says I to the man. 'You can thry them,' says he. 'How can I thry them?' says I.—'Pull them on you,' says he.—'Throth, an' I'd be sorry,' says I, 'to take sitch a liberty with them,' says I.—'Why, aren't you goin' to wear them?' says he.—'Is it me?' says I. 'Me wear top-boots? Do you think it's takin' lave of my sinis I am?' says I.—'Then what do you want to buy them for?' says he.—'For his reverence, Father Kinshela,' says I. 'Are they the right sort for him?'—'How should I know?' says he.—'Your'e a purty boot-maker,' says I, 'not to know how to make a priest's boot!'—'How do I know his sin?' says he.—'Oh, don't be comin' off that away,' says I. 'There's no sitch great differ betune priests and other min!'

"I think you were very right there," said the pale traveller.

"To be sure, sir," said Rory; "and it was only just a *come off* for his own ignorance.—'Tell me his sin,' says the fellow, "and I'll fit him!"—'He's be' tive five and six fut,' says I.—'Most men are,' says he, laughin' at me. He was an impudent fellow.—'It's not the five, not six, but his *two* feet I want to know the size of,' says he. So I perswaded he was jeerin' me, and says I, 'Why, thin, you respectful vagabone o' the world, you Dublin jackeen! do you mane to insinuate that Father Kinshela ever wint barefutted in his life, that I could know the size of his fut,' says I; and with that I threw the boots in his face. 'Take that,' says I, 'you dirty thief o' the world! you impudent vagabone of the world! you ignorant citizen o' the world!' And with that I left the place. \* \*

"It is their usual practice," said the traveller, to take measure of their customers."

"Is it, thin?"

"It really is."

"See that, now!" said Rory with an air of triumph. "You would think that they wor cleverer in the town than in the country; and they ought to be so, by all accounts;—but in the regard of what I told you, you see, we're before them intirely."

"How so?" said the traveller.

"Arrah! because they never throuble people in the country at all with takin' their measure; but you just go to fair, and bring your fut along with you, and somebody else dhives a cartful o' brogues into the place, and there you serve yourself; and so the man gets his money and you get your shoes, and every one's plased." \*

"But what I mane is, where did I lave off tellin' you about the present for the priest?—wasn't it at the bootmaker's shop?—yes, that was it. Well, sir, on laving the shop, as soon as I kemp to myself after the fellow's impudence, I begun to think what was the next best thing I could get for his reverence; and with that, while I was thinkin' about it, I seen a very respectable owd gentleman goin' by, with the most beautiful stick in his hand I ever set my eyes on, and a gooden head to it that was worth its weight in gold; and it gev him such an iligant look altogether, that says I to myself, 'It's the very thing for Father Kinshela, if I could get sitch another.' And so I wint lookin' about me every shop I seen

as I wint by, and at last, in a streeet they call Dame Street—and, by the same token, I didn't know why they called it Dame Street till I ax'd; and I was towid they called it Dame Street because the ladies were so fond o' walkin' there;—and lovely craythurs they wor! and I can't b'lieve that the town is such an onwholesome place to live in, for most o' the ladies I seen there had the most beautiful rosy cheeks I ever clapt my eyes upon—and the beautiful rowlin' eyes o' them! Well, it was in Dame Street, as I was sayin', that I kemp to a shop where there was a power o' sticks, and so I wint in and looked at them; and a man in the place kemp to me and ax'd me if I wanted a cane? 'No,' says I, 'I don't want a cane; it's a stick I want,' says I. 'A cane, you mane,' says he. 'No,' says I, 'it's a stick'—for I was determined to have no cane, but to stick to the stick. 'Here's a nate one,' says he. 'I don't want a *nate* one,' says I, 'but a responsible one,' says I. 'Faith!' says he, 'if an Irishman's stick was responsible, it would have a great date to answer for'—and he laughed a power. I didn't know myself what he meant, but that's what he said."

"It was because you asked for a responsible stick," said the traveller.

"And why wouldn't I," said Rory, "when it was for his reverence I wanted it? Why wouldn't he have a nice-lookin', respectable, responsible stick?"

"Certainly," said the traveller.

"Well, I picked out one that looked to my likin'—a good substantial stick, with an ivory top to it—for I seen that the goold-headed ones was so dear I couldn't come up to them; and so says I, 'Give me a howld o' that,' says I—and I tuk a grip iv it. I never was so surprised in my life. I thought to get a good, brave handful of a solid stick, but, my dear, it was well it didn't fly out o' my hand a'most, it was so light. 'Phew!' says I, 'what sort of a stick is this?' 'I tell you it's not a stick, but a cane,' says he. 'Faith! I b'lieve you,' says I. 'You see how good and light it is,' says he. Think o' that, sir!—to call a stick good and light—as if there could be any good in life in a stick that wasn't heavy, and could strecth a good blow! 'It is jokin' you are?' says I. 'Don't you feel it yourself?' says he. 'Throth, I can hardly feel it at all,' says I. 'Sure that's the beauty of it,' says he. Think o' the ignorant vagabone!—to call a stick a beauty that was as light a'most as a bulrush! 'And so you can hardly feel it!' says he, grinnin'. 'Yis, indeed,' says I; 'and what's worse, I don't think I could make any one else feel it either.' 'Oh! you want a stick to bate people with!' says he. 'To be sure,' says I; 'sure that's the use of a stick.' 'To knock the sinis out o' people!' says he, grinnin' again. 'Sartinly,' says I, 'if they're saucy'—lookin' hard at him at the same time. 'Well, these is only walkin'-sticks,' says he. 'Throth, you may say *runnin'-sticks*,' says I, 'for you daren't stand before any one with such a *thraneen* as that in your fist.' 'Well, pick out the heaviest o' them you plaze,' says he; 'take your choice.' So I wint pokin' and rummagin' among them, and, if you believe me, there wasn't a stick in their whole shop worth a kick in the shins—divil a one!"

"But why did you require such a heavy stick for the priest?"

"Because there is not a man in the parish wants it more," said Rory.

"Is he so quarrelsome, then?" said the traveller.

"No, but the greatest o' pacemakers," said Rory.

"Then what does he want the heavy stick, for?"

"For wallopin' his flock, to be sure," said Rory.

"Wallopin'!" said the traveller, choking with laughter.

"Oh! you may laugh," said Rory, "but 'pon my soul! you wouldn't laugh if you wor under his hand, for he has a brave heavy one, God bless him and spare him to us!"

"And what is all this walloping for?"

"Why, sir, when we have a bit of a fight, for fun, or the regular faction one, at the fair, his reverence sometimes hears of it, and comes av coarse."

"Good God!" said the traveller in real astonishment, "does the priest join the battle?"

"No, no, no, sir! I see you're quite a stranger in the country. The priest join it!—Oh! by no manes. But he comes and stops it; and, av coarse,

the only way he can stop it is, to ride into thin, and wallop them all round before him, and disperse them—scatter them like chaff before the wind; and it's the best o' sticks he requires for that same."

"But might he not have his heavy stick on purpose for that purpose, and make use of a lighter one on other occasions?"

"As for that matther, sir," said Rory, "there's no knowin' the minit he might want it, for he is often necessitated to have recourse to it. It might be, going through the village, the public-house is too full, and in he goes and dhives them out. Oh! it would delight your heart to see the style he clears a public-house in, in no time!"

"But wouldn't his speaking to them answer the purpose as well?"

"Oh no! he doesn't like to throw away his discourse on them; and why should he?—he keeps that for the blessed altair on Sunday, which is a fitter place for it: besides, he does not like to be sevare on us."

"Severe!" said the traveller in surprise, "why, haven't you said that he thrashes you round on all occasions?"

"Yis, sir; but what o' that?—sure that's nothin' to his tongue—his words is like swords or razhors, I say: we're used to a lick of a stick every day, but not to such language as his reverence sometimes murthers us with when we dislape him. Oh! it's terrible, so it is, to have the weight of his tongue on you! Throth! I'd rather let him bate me from this till to-morrow, than have one angry word from him."

"I see, then, he must have a heavy stick," said the traveller.

"To be sure he must, sir, at all times; and that was the raison I was so particular in the shop; and after spendin' over an hour—would you b'lieve it?—divil a stick I could get in the place fit for a child, much less a man. \*

"But about the gridiron?"

"Sure I'm tellin' you about it," said Rory; "only I'm not come to it yet. You see," continued he, "I was so disgusted with them shopkeepers in Dublin, that my heart was fairly broke with their ignorance, and I seen they knew nothin' at all about what I wanted, and so I came away without anything for his reverence, though it was on my mind all this day on the road; and comin' through the last town in the middle o' the rain, I thought of a gridiron."

"A very natural thing to think of in a shower of rain," said the traveller.

"No, 't wasn't the rain made me think of it—I think it was God put a gridiron in my heart, seein' that it was a present for the priest I intended; and when I thought of it, it came into my head, after, that it would be a fine thing to sit on, for to keep one out of the rain, that was ruinatin' my cordheiros on the top o' the coach; so I kept my eye out as we drove along up the streeet, and sure enough what should I see at a shop half way down the town but a gridiron hanging up at the door! and so I went back to get it."

"But isn't a gridiron an odd present?—hasn't his reverence one already?"

"He had, sir, before it was bruk,—but that's what I remembered, for I happened to be up at his place one day, sittin' in the kitchen, when Molly was brilin' some mate an it for his reverence: and while she just turned about to get a pinch o' salt to shake over it, the dog that was in the place made a dart at the gridiron on the fire, and thrown it down, and up he whips the mate, before one of us could stop him. With that Molly whips up the gridiron, and says she, 'Bad luck to you, you disrespectful baste!' would nothin' save you but the priest's dinner?" and she made a crack o' the gridiron at him. "As you have the mate, you shall have the gridiron too," says she; and with that she gave him such a rap on the head with it, that the bars flew out of it, and his head went through it, and away he pulled it out of her hands, and ran off with the gridiron hangin' round his neck like a necklace—and he went mad a'most with it; for though a kettle to a dog's tail is nath'rel, a gridiron round his neck is very surprisin' to him; and away he tattered over the country, till there wasn't a taste o' the gridiron left together."

To go on with the story.—De Lacy falls ill

of the small-pox in O'More's cottage, and employs the latter as his emissary in communicating with the disaffected. The dangers into which Rory falls, from which he is only extricated by his extraordinary "cuteness," fill many pages very pleasantly. We have no room, however, for them; nor for the humours of a fair, in the description of which, to say the truth, Mr. Lover falls short of himself. Nor can we further unwind the mazes of the story than to say, that Rory and the brother of his betrothed are at mortal feud, the latter having been repulsed by Rory's sister, Mary O'More:—that, between politics and these household quarrels, our hero finds abundant occupation—is kidnapped, and sent over seas, as a traitor to the patriot band—and returns home, to be tried for the murder of a collector, who reappears just after sentence; as the murdered always do, when "the first man" of a novel is placed in such a predicament. If these incidents be not new, they are managed in a lively manner, and wrought up without any melo-dramatic exaggeration: a praise not always to be given to Irish novels. Mr. Lover's powers as a *chansonnier* are well known, and we will conclude with a specimen: we have used the word *chansonnier* advisedly—for the following is rather French than English in its taste:—

*The Wind and the Weathercock.*

The summer wind lightly was playing  
Round the battlement high of the tow'r  
Where a vane, like a lady, was staying,—  
A lady vane perch'd in her bow'r.  
To peep round the corner the sly wind would try,  
But vanes, you know, never look in the wind's eye;  
And so she kept turning shyly away:—  
Thus they kept playing all through the day.  
The summer wind said, "She's coqueting;  
But each belle has her points to be found:  
Before evening, I'll venture on betting,  
She will not then go, but come round."  
So he tried from the east, and he tried from the west;  
And the north and the south, to try which was best;  
But still she kept turning shyly away:—  
Thus they kept playing all through the day.  
At evening, her hard heart to soften,  
He said, "You're a flirt, I am sure;  
But if vainly you're changing so often,  
No lover you'll ever secure."  
"Sweet sir," said the vane, "it is you who begin:  
When you change so often, in me 'tis no sin.  
If you cease to flutter, and steadily sigh,  
And only be constant—I'm sure so will I."

*Proofs and Illustrations of the Attributes of God.* By James Macculloch, M.D. 3 vols. Duncan.

A work, remarkable for closeness of reasoning, and fulness of illustration, is not susceptible of analysis within our restricted limits, and extracts would convey no adequate notion of its merits; we shall, therefore, confine ourselves to describing the author's design, and add a few remarks on the execution.

The proper aim of Natural Theology appears to us to be, not to prove the mere existence of a Deity, but rather to determine the character of that existence. The basis of Natural Theology is Natural Science—that is, a collection of material facts. We find that these facts are linked together by a chain of causation, that there are certain definite means to ensure certain definite ends, and, from the universality of these means, and the certainty of their operation, we name them "laws." The next point to determine is, whether, in these physical laws, we can trace anything of an intelligent or moral character; for if we do, it is clear that an intelligent and moral purpose exists somewhere. In this step of the argument, one instance is as good as a thousand, and in most cases the multiplication of examples serves only to confuse the reasoning. Were not the process encumbered by metaphysical subtleties, it might be followed by a child: and indeed we can say from experience, that it has been traced thus far by many children.

Intelligence by itself is neither good nor evil;

the adaptation of means to an end, undoubtedly establishes the fact of contrivance; but the nature of the end must be investigated ere we can pronounce upon the character of the means. The conservation and perpetuation of organized beings is a purpose to which we see means adapted, and this, beyond doubt, is a moral purpose; a more complete analysis will lead to the establishment of the other moral attributes belonging to the intelligence, and the extent of our knowledge of these attributes will be directly proportioned to the extent of our investigation of nature.

The last step, and the most difficult, is to find the centre of union for these attributes or qualities: in other words, to make a choice between polytheism and monotheism. It is not, at first view, certain but that a Jupiter may preside over the laws belonging to air, a Neptune over the properties of water, and a Pan over production and re-production. If, however, a close investigation and comparison of the different series of contrivances tend to show that there is a more general law by which they are united, and that all the purposes tend to one great object, we have evidence by which the number of causes is gradually diminished, and an approximation made to establishing unity in the finality, where all our examinations must terminate.

Thus viewed, we think that Natural Theology is free from two classes of objections which are commonly urged against it. Divines seem sometimes to regard it as the rival of revealed religion; whereas we have shown that it leads us to the precise point where revelation is necessary. Philosophers have declared that it will fix limits to science; but, from the preceding observations, it will be seen that it opens new fields of inquiry, and supplies powerful stimulants to research.

Mr. Macculloch has brought a larger share of Natural Science to bear on the question than any of his predecessors; and his illustrations are, therefore, numerous and varied; but in his proofs he has sometimes allowed his rhetoric to run away with his logic, and added one to the numerous examples of the injury that demonstration receives from eloquence. His work, however, is one highly creditable to his character; its information is worthy the present advanced state of science, and its calm and moderate tone is in perfect accordance with the important subjects discussed. Had the author lived, we should have recommended him to make a popular abridgment of these volumes. We have more treatises on Natural Theology addressed to scholars than we want; but the facts of nature are open to the peasant and the mechanic as well as to the philosopher, and they are equally capable of making a moral use of those facts. This, indeed, is the National Education wanting—this is the link between knowledge and its use, the true connexion between Science and Morality.

*The Contention of Death and Love; a Poem.* MOXON, *Xeniola. Poems including translations from Schiller and De la Motte Fouqué.* By John Anster, L.L.D. Dublin, Milliken; London, Longman & Co. Poems. By John Moultrie. Pickering.

It has occurred to us that in these three little volumes, the Poetical Estate, as it stands at the present hour, is, to a certain degree, though humbly, represented; we have therefore placed them side by side. In the first, soaring thoughts and spiritual contemplations are set before us, garnished with fantastic imagery and conceits of language; its author belonging to the school of Keats and Tennyson. In the third we find domestic affections and sorrows sung in unaffected and polished verse, while its younger poems are embellished by occasional sparkles of the airy spirit of old Romance, by occasional outbreaks of gay humour, the whole making up a volume

which should be an acceptable inmate in the drawing-room or closet, where feeling and fancy and mirth enter by turns,—each of them somewhat tamed down by the conventionalisms of modern life and refinement. Mr. Anster stands between the two; he is less subtle in his contemplations than the poet of the "Contention of Death and Love,"—less easy and elegant than Mr. Moultrie; he shows somewhat of a leaning to the enriched ode and the measured elegy; his meditations are rather didactic than fanciful or familiar; while, by drawing upon foreign lands for their treasure, he gives himself the advantage of a wider range of subject than either of his companions.

We shall endeavour to make good what we have said by specimens from the pamphlet and pair of volumes before us; the first on our list only numbering fourteen pages. Its subject may be gathered from its opening lines:—

In a serene leaf-latticed chamber  
A Dying Poet calmly slept;  
And dreams about his brain did clamber,  
Which, like his waking thoughts, o'er-swept  
The narrow Present, and flow'd far  
Into the Uncensing and the Boundless,  
With stir and voice oracular—  
Whilst sound him all was still and soundless.

After these follows a picture of the *human* watcher assembled round the couch of the dying Poet, parts of which are beautiful, though marred by exaggeration and super-subtlety on the part of their painter. We then are shown the Poet's spiritual visitants.

Before his dreaming vision floated  
Two Forms serenely feminine;  
Intent upon him, and devoted  
To that bright spirit's dim decline.  
One, was robed in a white shroud—  
Such as haunted eyes may see,  
Through their drops of misery,  
In the fresh-closed sepulchre  
Of a love-slain virgin dear—  
Like the pale moon in pallid cloud,  
When the sleeted winds on earth are loud  
And the dull sky is winter-brow'd:  
Pale were her cheeks, and pale each hand,  
And her forehead very pale;  
And her eyes, by thin brows spann'd,  
Moved not in her low-lidded spheres,  
Where gleam'd they like two frozen tears,  
Or transparent ice-struck dews  
Reflecting winter's dead-lieu hues:  
Her white lips did no breath exhale,  
Even when they spoke; and her words all  
Seem'd wandering echoes mystical.  
The other, was a rosy thing;  
But the pallor mirroring  
Of her unlike sister there.  
Half that pale aspect she did wear,  
Though her warin native-colours play'd  
Through it, as the sun through shade.  
She robesless, that lovely Form;  
But her bright tresses mantled warm  
Adown her throbbing beauties all,  
And mazily around them curl'd—  
As might a gentle waterfall  
Down marble rubied and impearl'd.  
Her eyes—like those blue flowers serene  
Which constellate on banklets green  
When the spring's blushing tonch invokes  
Breathe in all which winter chokes—  
Seem'd dim with their own radiance;  
Whilst tears flow'd from them silently,  
And o'er her tresses dripp'd and river'd:  
And wild words from her curv'd lips quiver'd—  
Like tones from a wind-finger'd lyre;  
Till e'en her ghastly Sister shiver'd  
And burn'd with their all-vital fire.  
This like-and-unlike sisterhood,  
Were Death and Love.

The latter strives with "her strong embrace" and eloquent pleading to fence out her beloved one from the spoiler. Death answers her by counting up the mighty sons of song, whom he has already laid low, and by comforting her with the assurance that—

"His Memory

Shall not droop its soaring plinon,  
For ages, to my black dominion;  
And, haply, not till my vast robe  
Wrap this total under-globe,  
And all its breath and stir and thought  
Refold into primeval Nought!"  
"His Memory!" his Memory!  
Cried starting Love, far echoing;  
"It shall not die, it cannot die—  
His song-embalmed Memory!  
His throbbing Verse, his burning Verse,  
Shall breathe it through the Universe  
With a ceaseless spirit-pant;  
Love's divine arch-ministrant!  
It shall speak in all sweet things;  
And with it I will load my wings,  
And waft it through skies and waters,  
And over earth's green hills and plains,  
And through her caverns, rocks and woods,  
And her most desert solitudes;

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And into human hearts and brains,  
And the blood of human veins!  
And even these, my wailing daughters,  
Shall hear his music deep and holy,  
And list away their melancholy!  
It shall bloom in every flower,  
And mantle green o'er ancient trees;  
The rainbow-winged insects,  
And birds and rills, shall sound its power;  
And the mighty bass of seas,  
And the wind's wild harmonies!  
It shall float in every cloud;  
And thunder in the tempest loud,  
And glitter in the tempest-light;  
And it shall look from heaven, through  
The unfathom'd depths of ether blue!  
And the Sun—artificer  
Of that pomp magnificent  
O! golden-vap'rd mansionry  
In which are far involved and blent,  
With complication infinite,  
Structures piled and broad and high,  
That seem, to the used eye of man,  
Sky-cities metropolitan—  
Shall be to space a minister  
Of its glories, burningly!  
And the ever-faunting Moon  
Shall smile it from her silver swoon;  
And in every circling Planet  
Shall the eye of Passion scan it;  
The Constellations, radiantly,  
And the belting Galaxy,  
Shall arch it, with a splendid grace,  
O'er the awful brow of Space!

With a few more lines such as the above the poem closes. The passages we have given prove the author to be possessed of powers which require only the regulation of a severe and healthy taste to entitle him to a high place among his competitors.

We now come to Mr. Anster's volume, which contains much that is beautiful, wrought out with a hand less quaintly cunning, but not less forcible, than belongs to the author of 'The Contention.' Leaving untouched the minor poems (one of these, 'The Poet's Haunt,' reminds us of Coleridge's exquisite inscription for a fountain on a heath,) and, among the translations, merely pointing to the selected scenes from De la Motte Fouque's 'Pilgrimage,' we shall choose our specimen from 'Solitude.'

Oh, what a lovely silent spot!  
Did such a scene the eremite would hope  
To build his lonely cot,  
Just where with easy slope  
The wooded mountain bends,  
Where the clear rill descends,  
Now hid the jutting rocks beneath,  
Now faintly sparkling on the eye,  
Itself concealed, its course we now deserv  
By the long grass and blossomy heath,  
By the cowslip's saffron hue,  
By the violet's clouded blue,  
Beside its fostering bed  
In waste profusion spread:  
Its widening wave at distance now we hail,  
Where bright, and blue, and broad, it rolls along the vale.

Sea where, most mild, most sad,  
The Goddess, on her mountain throne  
Of rocks, with many-coloured lichens clad,  
Is soothed by gurgling waters near,  
Or song of sky-lark wild and clear,  
Or music's mellow tone:  
The scarce-heard hum of distant strife  
Breaks not the consecrated rest,  
The sabbath quiet of that breast,  
Unruffled by the wave above the mirth of life;  
Awful thoughts for ever roll,  
Shadowing the silent soul,  
Like the twilight tall rocks throw  
Far into the vale below:—  
Here Genius, in fantastic trance,  
Enjoys his wildest reverie,  
Or pores with serious eye  
Upon some old romance,  
Till all the pomp of chivalry,

The vizor quaint of armed knight,  
And stately dame, and tourney bright,  
Are present to his glance.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Oh thou, whose influence breathes through solitude,  
Spirit, what'er thy name,  
With all thy warmth inflame  
A heart that long, in no unhappy mood,  
The loveliness of Nature's charms hath wood;  
Long with no idle gaze mine eye hath viewed  
The beauteous scene of earth, and air, and sky,  
But Wisdom lives in all that I deserv;—  
All that I hear is speaking to my breast,  
The Thunder's crash, the lark's enlivening lay,  
All Nature's sights and sounds, or sad or gay,  
Dwell in my soul indelibly impress:  
And now the view of yonder ruinous tower,  
Whose fissured walls admit the moon's cold beams,  
Sheds on my bosom melancholy dreams,  
Most suited to the sober hour.—  
Mine eye beholds those early days,  
When shining in the pride of Power,  
They burst upon the gaze;—  
But soon, like Man, the turret falls,  
The pilgrim mourns beneath its walls,

Sees o'er its strength the wild-flower rise,  
Hears from its heights the night-bird's cries;—  
But from this lonely dream of earth,  
What feelings spring to sudden birth;  
No more the pilgrim looks beneath,  
For him new hopes, new raptures breathe,  
The soul beholds new worlds before it rise,  
Feels its own powers, and communes with the skies!

Mr. Moultrie's volume is divided into two sections: the latter containing poems written many years ago. The longest of these, a faery legend of King Arthur's Court—then called 'La belle Tryamour,' was published in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*—with Mr. Macaulay's first critical essays and Round-head Ballads, the latter too spirited to be forgotten. 'La belle Tryamour' has changed its name, and is now christened 'Sir Launfal'—some of its more luxuriant descriptions have been struck out, but the poem is still a graceful and *second-best* specimen of the Whistlecraft school, though failing in effect from the nature of its subject. It is rightly remarked in Lord Byron's Life, that it is only a tale of our own times and sympathies which is strong enough in its interest, or fitted from its character, to bear, or become the clothing of that whimsical and motley style, where the sublime and the ridiculous are jumbled together like the colours in Harlequin's coat. The opening division of Mr. Moultrie's volume contains poems on more serious themes, in which the gay day-dreams of youth are replaced by the graver realities of manhood. They relate chiefly to domestic occurrences, and some of them we think too exclusively personal to have been exposed to "the common day" of the public gaze. The following will become a favourite for the quiet and natural feeling it breathes:—

*The Three Sons.*

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,  
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould,  
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,  
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years.  
I cannot say this may be true, I know his face is fair,  
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air:  
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,  
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency:  
But that which others most admire, is the thought which fills his mind,  
The food for grave enquiring speech he every where doth find.  
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk;  
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.  
Nor careth he much for childish sports, doth not on bat or ball,  
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimicks all.  
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed  
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.  
He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teacheth him to pray,  
And strange, and sweet, and solemn then are the words which he will say.  
Oh should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years like me,  
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be:  
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow,  
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now!

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three;  
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,  
How silver sweet those tones of him when he prattles on my knee:  
I do not think his light blue eye is, like his brother's, keen,  
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever been;  
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender feeling,  
And his every look a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.  
When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us in the street,  
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet.  
A playfellow is he to all, and yet, with cheerful tone,  
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.  
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home and hearth,  
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.  
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove  
As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for earthly love:  
And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must dim,  
God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son; his age I cannot tell,  
For they reckon not by years and months where he is gone to dwell.  
To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given,  
And then he bade farewell to Earth, and went to live in Heaven.

I cannot tell what form his is, what looks he weareth now,  
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining scrath brow.  
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,  
Are number'd with the secret things which God will not reveal.

But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,  
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast.

I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,  
But his sleep is bless'd with endless dreams of glory for ever fresh.

I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,  
And soothe him with a song that breathes of Heaven's divines things.  
I know that we shall meet our babe, (his mother dear and I.)

Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.  
What'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never cease;

Their lot may here be brief and fear, but his is certain peace.  
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever,

But, if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours for ever.

When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be:

When we muse on that world's perfect bliss, and this world's misery;

When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain,

Oh! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him here again.

It will be seen that there is nothing in the poetry just noticed of a high order of excellence, but we are among those who hold—

Echo sweet when music's self hath died—

and in the silence of the few greater masters of the lyre, yet left to us, can listen with attention and pleasure to music of singers of the second order.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Concealment: a Novel.* 3 vols.—What is to be expected from a novel with an opening like this?—

"It was early in June, when a day of gentle showers had been succeeded by an evening of bright and glistening beauty, that two friends went forth together to partake of the general gladness of nature, and to contribute their offering of intelligent admiration, to that instinctive burst of joy and song which never fails to salute a world so green and so beautiful. The ladies directed their steps towards a rising ground a short distance from the stately dwelling they inhabited, and after gazing for some minutes in social silence, on the scene of beauty around them, they proceeded to descend a winding path through a rocky and tangled copse wood, until they reached a sheltered and singularly picturesque bay. Here the white sands of Ocean met the sparkling green of earth, and the clear note of the blackbird from the adjoining wood, was heard in discord sweet with the soft ripple of the ebbing waters. The friends moved along with that sort of step which marks perfect satisfaction with the present; their desires and enjoyments were evidently comprised for the time being, within the varied semi-circle in which they lingered, now turning to the glowing west, where the view was bounded by a wooded point running far and gracefully into the sea, and then retracing their steps to watch the reflected brightness of the setting sun on a rocky headland, which rose abruptly from the water, and where, amidst a mass of sycamore and elm trees, appeared the ruins of a castle of considerable importance. The ladies thus agreeably occupied were both above the common height, and both dressed in mourning, but not of so deep a kind as betokened a very recent bereavement. Their ages were different, the step of the one marking the steadfast self-possession of middle age, and that of the other the gracefulness of youth. In the bearing of both there was a striking mixture of refinement and dignity—of that which may be called the poetry of form and movement. At length the elder lady said in a voice of peculiar sweetness:—

"I am almost sorry, Clare, to break the spell of our silence, it has been so very agreeable; but do observe how those boats are grouped below the castle, how wonderfully accident seems to conspire with nature, in adding the minuter touches of beauty to such an evening and such a scene."

What, we say, can be expected from so pre-

suming a prologue? Nothing but well-dressed titled heroes in regiments, young ladies of singular beauty and surpassing sentiment, patterns of mothers, clogs of fathers or uncles, and the average dash of pride, puppy, and perfidy. No such thing: the result is an agreeable disappointment to the well-prepared Leadenhall Street expectation. This work is in a state of purgatory between A. K. Newman and Bentley—for, with a turn for the lofty in language, and the *ultra* in character, it has so interesting a singleness of plot, so much of the better feeling where feeling is required,—so many sensible sentiments in the place of sentimental sensibility, that we cannot but think that a little more of spirit and intensity would enable the writer to produce a *West-End* novel. There are two concealments to make out the title; the one, that of an Italian lady, guilty of a fatal bigamy; the other, that of a double engagement of the hero Willoughby. The former is well managed, and the death of the *unfortunate* Italian is feelingly told. The style is uneven, but we have encountered a worse; and the book will do extremely well for the better sort of works at the libraries of small towns, sea-ports, and bathing places.

*Piso and the Prefect; or the Ancients of their Stills.*—The author of this strange mixture of classical names, phrases, and usages, with modern slip-slop and modern melo-drama,—not content with taking the ancients down from their stills, has dragged them barefooted through the mire of an aimless, and somewhat coarse story, further than we could follow him. We tried once, twice,—a third time, to force our way beyond some most notable public spectacles, at the commencement of the second volume, in which the principal personages of the story figure; and were compelled to give up the matter; though, to borrow one of Galt's sly and dry phrases, we are "substantial hands at a civility," in making acquaintance with novels, even the least promising.

*Old Friends in a New Dress*, by R. S. Sharpe. Eighty-two wood-cuts.—The attempt to versify well known apogees is rarely successful; the point and moral being generally lost in loose and unmeaning dilutions of the original sense. Mr. Sharpe, however, has overcome the dangers of his task, and we have heard his fables read by the lisping tongue, in such a manner as to prove that he has not concealed the humour of his author. The wood-cuts are well executed, and are a pleasant addition to the text.

*List of New Books.*—Williams's (Rev. J.) *Narrative of the Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands*, 8vo. 12s. cl.—Buckland's *Bridgewater Treatise*, (Geology and Mineralogy), 2nd edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 35s. cl.—Graham's *Modern Domestic Medicine*, 7th edit. enlarged, 8vo. 16s. bds.—An Analysis of the British Ferns and their Allies, with Plates of every Species and Variety, by G. W. Francis, 8vo. 4s. cl.—Turton (Dr. Thomas) on the Eucharist, in Reply to Dr. Wiseman, 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Truth and Error Distinguished: Seven Lectures on the Points of Distinction between Protestant and Romish Churches, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Auber's *Rise and Progress of the British Power in India*, Vol. 1. 8vo. 21s. bds.—Bacon's First Impressions and Studies from Nature in Hindostan, 2 vols. 8vo. 30s. cl.—Whewell's *History of the Inductive Sciences*, 3 vols. 8vo. 42s. bds.—Flora's *Gems*, imp. 4to. 42s. cl. 52s. 6d. mor.—Cottle's *Early Recollections of Coleridge*, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.; with proof plates, 28s. cl.—Huntington's *Select Works*, 5 vols. 8vo. 62s. 6d. cl.—Gentlemen Jack, by the Author of "Avondish," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Hunter's *Works*, by Palmer, Vol. II. 8vo. 17s. 6d. bds.—The Complete Book of Trades, 8vo. with plates, 14s. cl.—Comedias Escogidas de Don P. Calderon de la Barca, 4c. 5s. 6d.—Richardson on *Wounding and Ventilation of Buildings*, 8vo. 10s. 6s. cl.—Southey's *Couper's Works*, Vol. XII. (Iliad, Vol. II.) 4c. 5s. cl.—The Life of the Rev. H. Martyn, 13th edit. 7s. 6d. cl.—Lessons on Objects, 6th edit. 4c. 3s. 6d. bds.—Hayes's *Questions on Major's Latin Grammar*, 12mo. 1s. 6d. bd.—Parsey's *Arithmetic Illustrated*, 12mo. 2s. 6d. svd.—Darkin's *Greek Testament*, new edit. 12mo. 5s. bd.—Summer's *Exposition of St. Matthew and St. Mark*, 5th edit. 12mo. 2 vols. 2s. cl.; 8vo. 4th edit. 9s. cl.—Summer's *Sermons on Faith*, 9th edit. 12mo. 6s. bds.—Lyra Apostolica, 2nd edit. 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Inglis's *Tyrol*, with a Glance at Bavaria, 3rd edit. post 8vo. 12s. cl.—Inglis's *Norway, Sweden, and Denmark*, 4th edit. post 8vo. 9s. cl.—Wrightson on the *Punishment of Death*, 3rd edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Gregory's *Conquests*, by Dr. Steggall, 18mo. 4th edit. 10s. cl.—Hoare on the *Vine*, 2nd edit. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.

## LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

FRANCE.—By JULES JANIN.

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

I HAVE given much reflection to the subject which you have proposed to me; and the more I reflect thereon, the more do I find it complicated and difficult. To write the History of our Literature, taking it up at the commencement of the Empire, and terminating it at the period when the ancient royalty of the Bourbons departed, never to return, is an enterprise surrounded by obstacles of many kinds. In the first place, it is not with the literature of a people as with a chronological series, in which the facts themselves are subordinate to the dates;—in which history, that all despotic authority, stoops its head submissively beneath the scythe of time, the inflexible sovereign and master of all the things of earth. The human mind is less pliable than history. It takes no order, save from God alone; and, once upon its march, is not to be arrested by the voice of centuries. When we speak of the "thirteenth century," the "eighteenth century," the "grand siècle," to designate certain phases of the human mind, we must be careful not to apprehend in a literal sense these designations, rather convenient than correct. There is no one century so separated from the century which precedes and that which follows it, that an intelligible line can be drawn between the commencing era, and that which has closed behind it. On the contrary, it is without doubt an effect of the divine intention so to mingle and confound the different epochs of humanity, that there is no age of barbarism which has been without its own civilization, and no civilized age which has been without its taint of barbarism. It happens not unfrequently that, on the very space which covers the close of one century and the commencement of another, there start up suddenly some of those sons of genius who make an epoch of themselves. By a peculiar privilege, these men unite in their own minds and spirits the most precious gifts at once of the departing and of the coming centuries. They form a solemn and sacred link between those two epochs, at once so near together and so far apart. For example, who shall assign his century to the great Corneille? The great Corneille, in virtue of his Spanish imagination, his Roman impetuosity, his daring of the old Leaguer, and the gloomy majesty in which he clothes himself, is a poet of the sixteenth century. The great Corneille, in right of his style, of his respect for established rules, of the graces (often laboured) with which his drama is enriched, and the amours, (often ridiculous and always misplaced,) which crowd his tragedies, belongs to the seventeenth century. He wears upon his powerful shoulders the mantle of Richelieu, and on his lofty head the hat of Louis XIV.; with what propriety then could the historian of the sixteenth French literary century omit the great Corneille from his history? It will thus be seen that the first difficulty which meets him who sets himself to cut into the intellectual history of a people, with a view of detaching therefrom a certain portion, is that of deciding judiciously as to the point at which he shall commence his analysis, and so ordering it that he may not divide in two some individual fame, resting with one foot on the opposite bank, while the other stands firmly on the ground which the historian has chosen. In treating of the nineteenth French century—that century which is but at its commencement, and yet seems as if it were already worn out, so many great enterprises has it undertaken, and in so many has it failed—this difficulty is at its highest point. The danger here is not merely that of dismembering a poet, a philosopher, or a historian, but of cutting in two a revolution! And what a revolution! The mightiest ever—I will not say accomplished, but—commenced in the world's history! You ask from me the literary history of the first thirty years of this century. Is the century, then, to be considered as beginning with the year 1800, when in fact our present epoch has its commencement from 1789? That year is the starting-point of modern France. The eighteenth century, with all which belongs to it—Voltaire, J. J. Rousseau, Buffon, Montesquieu—all stop at 1789; yielding the sword and the torch into the hands of Mirabeau and

his followers—the masters and inquisitors of the ancient form of society in which the eighteenth century had effected a breach,—of that vast ruin which the eighteenth century had made, but through which it was denied to it to pass, as to Moses of old into the Land of the Promise, which he had discovered from afar. Are we, then, to divide a revolution in two, for the sake of giving more unity to our history? And yet the history of those ten years alone, from 1789 to 1800, would form of itself the subject of a great work, which should include the history of the Oration and of the Press,—those two restless and unceasing voices of the societies of modern times. Since, then, it must be so, we will cut away those ten years of our subject, and content ourselves with catching their echo, at a later period, amid that official silence to which the Emperor Napoleon had condemned us, and to which he himself fell the earliest victim.

Yet, on further reflection, may we not assert that this Nineteenth Literary Century which we are about to sketch, looked at in a certain point of view, detaches itself completely, and with startling violence, from that by which it is preceded? Up to the nineteenth, it may be truly said that the several centuries are linked together by an uninterrupted succession of great men, of genius, and of natural advances. But in what way can the nineteenth century be shown to be the consequence of the eighteenth? Where, for instance, is the analogy between Montesquieu and St. Just, between Voltaire and Robespierre, between the *Contrat Social* and the doctrines of the Convention? How should that age which was the age of Massillon and of Louis XV., of Christian eloquence and absolute royalty, recognize as its legitimate successor the age which gave birth to Danton, and dragged to the scaffold Louis XVI., and with that pious monarch, all the brilliant, noble, graceful, witty, & sceptical society of the eighteenth century? We will not then seek for analogy between two epochs separated by an abyss of crimes and of blood,—by, as it were, a volcanic chasm, impassable as those which yawn amid the mountains of Sicily. The eighteenth century, as it travels up to that severing gulf, surrounded by all the seductions of heart and of speech, along a path bright with flowers, with wit, with satire, and with love, is suddenly arrested on its way, startled by the yells and war-cries of the coming age. Before the distant murmur of that revolution which is advancing, to overthrow all things, the smooth and enchanted epoch, which has Louis XV. for its idol and Madame de Pompadour for its queen, flies, without once turning back its head, so giddy with fancy, with love, with scepticism, and with pleasure.

But, as each age, under whatever circumstances, must have its consequence,—as all human ideas, even because they are ideas, must have a consequence,—as every word, be it good or evil, scattered through the world, of necessity bears fruit, so the eighteenth French century, abruptly driven forth by a revolution which it had neither foreseen nor sought, and yet had produced, departed—whether it will be imagined? It took shelter in Germany, under the guidance of a young poet named Goethe, who modelled the French scepticism into German scepticism, the French genius into German genius, and French liberty into German liberty—that is to say, into the most submissive of all liberties. What an admirable book might be written with this title and on this subject—“The History of the Eighteenth Franco-German Century!”

But it is time that we should enter upon our subject; which I will divide into two parts—the Ancients and the Moderns. No doubt this is a mode of denomination somewhat pompous and emphatic, for distinguishing two literary periods, which have scarcely fifteen years of extent each. However, I have no other designation for those who made the literary glory of the Empire, (if, indeed, the Empire had a literary glory,) than that same word—the Ancients. In fact, though scarcely settled in their graves, or lingering amongst us still, they have already fallen into an oblivion so absolute, that they can be spoken of only as of something utterly past away,

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and fully accomplished. In the designation the *Moderns*, I purpose to include the poets who sing, the prose authors who write, the orators who declaim, the critics who judge,—in a word, all those who stand in the breach of elocution or of literature—all those who have replaced the *Ancients*. A miserable century, truly, is that which counts but six and thirty years, and yet can already divide its authors into ancient and modern! Fruiless, indeed, a literary glory, which wasteth so soon! Vain a renown, so loud yesterday, and lost to-day in the silence of annihilation! But, to our theme.

In the first division of this Essay, devoted to the writers of the Empire, I shall pass in review, one after the other, all the forms of the art of writing,—such being, in my view, the only method of communicating something like order to a literary critique, which will include few eminent names,—but where, on the other hand, a large body of ingenious and intelligent mediocrities presents itself, whose members have repassed into shadow, after having severally scattered around them their small lights of a day. With the second division I shall pursue a different course. I shall, first, speak of the conspicuous professors of our modern literature, reviewing them in the order of their genius and their style. I shall, in this way, meet the double demands of this double subject. With the elder writers I shall employ analysis—synthesis with the younger. Those who are no more I shall arrange in the order of their subjects—our living authors in the order of their talent. Thus I shall, as I think, avoid the greatest difficulties of my theme.

The subject of *Grammar*—that starting-point of the art of writing—was long cultivated amongst us with the most scrupulous intelligence. The School of Port Royal des Champs, at the same time that it gave us Blaise Pascal, and Jean Racine, the greatest prose writer and the greatest poet of our language, has bequeathed to us masterpieces of philology. The Grammar of Port Royal, re-constructed, or rather skilfully copied, in our own days, by a professor of the Collège Louis le Grand, has opened to us, for the second time, the little-trodden path of the Greek language. The Greek dictionary of Henri Estienne, another masterpiece which is a legacy to us from the *grand siècle*, revised and corrected by M. Hase, the learned Hellenist, must soon regain its place of honour amongst us. The early labours of the French Academy, the learned researches of Vaugelas, Thomas Corneille, Patru, Ménage, Bouhours, reproduced for the first time in the Dictionary of the Academy, have now been re-cast, augmented, and corrected, for the sixth time. This present year, has appeared the sixth edition of the Dictionary of the French Academy,—that important work, commenced two centuries ago, and which can never be complete whilst the French language shall be spoken in the world. The French language is the language of politics and of letters, as the Roman language was that of invasion and of power. Carefully studied, whether as a grammatical curiosity, as a labour of genius and of taste, or as philosophical speculation, it is equally deserving of interest with all enlightened men. The present edition takes up nearly all the types of two centuries, neighbour and yet in opposition to each other,—enriched by a great variety of forms,—by the diversities of opinion and of manner which have succeeded each other,—and assembling, under the same date, the expressions which usage has preserved, those which necessity has created, and those which the stamp of genius, having consecrated, has left to us, to live for ever, and be for ever new.

I do not think that there is in our tongue any work, the study of which is marked by a more engrossing interest than the Dictionary of the French Academy. Our language was supposed to have been fixed by the great writers of the age of Louis XIV. Examine the Dictionary, and see the multitude of changes which new laws, new manners, new revolutions have imposed upon it. Where is the language that can ever be said to be fixed?—none, save the languages of the dead. And it is to be observed, that there never was a language more changeable and more fluctuating than ours. At no greater distances than periods of fifty years, these successive transformations are sufficiently visible. One after another, we have spoken French, Italian, Latin,

Gascon. With an interval of sixty years, Marot wrote not like Villon. All the genius of the language spoken by Montaigne, hindered not the reign of Balzac and of Pelissier. Languages are born, and grow up, and change, and die,—have their periods of strength and of weakness, even as men—alike changing and perishable creatures. How sad a pleasure it is—but a pleasure, nevertheless—thus to watch the paternal tongue, as first it lisps, then strengthens, then speaks aloud in the noblest language, then undergoes one of those transformations which, by some, are held to be its decline, and in which others see a vigorous effort through which it is to gain a new life. The Dictionary of the Academy sets before us, unconsciously perhaps, all that history of the changing language—sometimes by the expression of its approbation, more frequently by that of its scorn and disdain. First, the old words which the earliest Dictionary had retained disappear, as too ancient and too energetic for the second. Next, the elegant and courteous expression of the court of Louis XIV., consecrated by the second edition of the Dictionary, (for the Dictionaries follow always after those who create the language), has already become weakened in the third. By that time, in fact, the court where Louis XIV., La Rochefoucauld, Molière, Bossuet, Labruyère, Grammont, the great Condé, mingled in the conversation of genius, had given place to the written conversation of Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot. Even then the taste had begun to decline; the character of the ideas was less natural, more subtle and refined. The classic language still survived, but chiefly by tradition and by habit; and literature, already deviating from the path of antiquity, was already clothing itself in new forms. The language was already changed, even in spite of the efforts of Voltaire and Montesquieu, and the literature of France having at length entered into its second age, the Dictionary prepared again to follow it. In fact, a new language was formed, in the heart of this fine language, once pure and transparent as crystal—I speak of the philosophic language. In 1762, the Academy gave a new edition of its Dictionary, and into this new creation it gave admission, for the first time, to idiom. It defended, notwithstanding, as far as it could, the language of the *grand siècle*, by showing that its resources were ample for the imitation and expression of the new ideas. At the same time it did homage to the great modern writers, by frequently taking its examples from their works. It expunged a number of the more familiar corruptions, and admitted many scientific terms,—surprised to find themselves in such a place. Then came a revolution, which struck, not at words and ideas alone, but at the entire frame of society. That was no time to be busy about the varying shades of language, when all things were at stake amongst us. It was not till long after the violent, though wholesome, agitations of 1789, that men had leisure to occupy themselves with the changes and innovations which these had brought to the language. They are to be found for the seeking, however, in the new Dictionary. It may there be seen how the double influence of liberty in our institutions, and democracy in our manners, exhibits itself in our language. There, too, may be traced the present prospects of that fine language, subjected, at this moment, to a travail so violent and issues so portentous. Thus it is that the Dictionary of the French Academy is that literary monument of our epoch, which demanded, in this essay, my first notice.

Other labours of less pretension have, for some time, occupied the literary world. France of the nineteenth century reckons many new grammars and many new dictionaries. Some five or six years ago a sect sprang up who maintained the necessity of a *primitive orthography*. This sect was zealously supported by the water-carriers and the more lettered amongst the kitchen-maids, but made few proselytes save these, its natural proselytes. Amongst the grammarians of this century, the Abbé Sicard must not be forgotten, who has made the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak. Volney, an obscure and cloudy writer, has made a vain attempt to explain the origin of languages. M. de Gérando, in a work which had a momentary celebrity, has developed the relations between the signs and the art of thinking. M. de la Romiguière—one of those great but modest writers who take as much pains to conceal themselves

as others to thrust themselves forward—the most accomplished of the scholars of Condillac, and, beyond dispute, his noblest work—has analyzed the sensations and ideas with a skill and acuteness rare, now-a-days, in matters of philosophy. Shall we place amongst the works of the nineteenth century the *Essais Littéraires* of Marmontel—those brilliant but unreal speculations of a fine genius who was nothing but a fine genius? Notwithstanding the kind of discredit into which he has fallen, the *Cours de Littérature* of La Harpe will always be a classic book amongst us. Its style is the true style for criticism. La Harpe was born expressly to write that book, in which all the mysteries of art are revealed to us, with a taste the most penetrating and the most practised. His work did great service at the moment when French society, restored, if not to repose, at least to order, sought to inform itself on the subject of its literary past, and its literary present. It is true that all the parts of that great work are not constructed with equal art, equal skill, and equal self-possession;—it is true that the writer departs too frequently from the calm impartiality of criticism;—but it is still more certain, that to write the *Cours de Littérature* over again will require a man of sound intelligence, striking genius, and great ingenuity and skill in criticism,—and that such an one is not, as yet, found.

If, from grammar and criticism, we turn to morals, to legislation, and to politics, we are met, at once, by a host of names—some ancient and already very old, others modern, and, as yet, quite young—some sheltered by oblivion, others of whom it is yet too early to judge, for they are scarcely entered into the lists. The school of practical philosophy commences amongst us with Charron and Montaigne—boasts of the *Essais de Morale* of Nicole—of the *Pensées* of Pascal—of the *Maximes* of La Rochefoucauld—and of the *Caractères* of La Bruyère, which may be called the written comedy of France. At a later period Duclos treads in the footsteps of La Bruyère; J. J. Rousseau wrote his *Emile*, which is the *Télémaque* of the children of the people; Marmontel produced his *Bélier*, a melancholy book; and lastly, Madame de Staél, who gave the signal to modern literature, wrote her fine work, *L'Influence des passions sur le bonheur des individus et des sociétés civiles*. In our days, books of morals are rare; and detached treatises in imitation of the treatises of Cicero de *Amicitia*, de *Senectute*, &c. are out of use. The little of morality which is still permitted in our literature is reserved for the Romance.

But to compensate for this, the subject of politics is one of those bold novelties of which the last fifteen years of our history may fairly claim the honour. This glowing, enlightened, unresting species of improvisation, written frequently in the finest French—this impromptu of every hour and every day, is, properly speaking, a product of French politics. It is even fearful to reflect on the tremendous waste of genius, of style, and of thought, which daily takes place in the journals of Paris—the energy of attack, the boldness of defence, the skill, the self-possession on both sides. Amid these unceasing contests, it was of necessity that the political sciences should make incalculable progress. What strides have they made between the days of the Chancelier de l'Hôpital, and those of M. Thiers—between the *bon plaisir* of Charles IX., and the charter of 1830! The *bon plaisir* was still in force when La Béotie composed his treatise *De la Servitude Volontaire*. At a later period, Bodin published his treatise *De la République*—Sully his *Économies Royales*. Then came Montesquieu with his *Esprit des Lois*. The *Contrat Social* of J. J. Rousseau was the first note of the Revolution of 1789. At the same time, Beccaria, the Montesquieu of Italy, with his treatise *Des délits et des peines*, produced just such a sensation in Europe as, in our days, Silvio Pellico has created with those holy pages of his which he has entitled *Le Mis Prigionie*. A striking coincidence this between two Italian rebels, the one of whom broke his chains by force, and the other by patient endurance.

In the political sciences the French Revolution had its professors and its adepts. The Abbé Sieyes, for example—an obscure thinker, with an emphatic style, who had not strength enough to sustain the reputation of his first pamphlet, and who died amongst us, about a year since, to the great surprise of the public, who thought he had been dead and

buried an age ago. M. de Barbé-Marbois, who wrote a book on his transportation to Cayenne, and M. Reederer, a man of genius, recently dead, are also amongst the political writers of that period. M. Pasquier of Peers, made himself known by his *Théorie des Lois pénales*—a book distinguished by its beautiful style, but exhibiting more of imagination than of science. Nor should M. Lacroetelle the elder, an energetic and impassioned writer, be left unmentioned. There were five or six years under the restoration, during which M. de Bonald was seriously regarded as the Montesquieu of the old monarchy. The restoration swore only by him, and thrust forward, on all occasions, I know not what axiom of his, which was to renovate the entire frame of society. M. de Maistre, another short-sighted fanatic, must nevertheless in those qualities be placed *second* to M. de Bonald—poor politicians both, and blind as bats. But, amongst these men, was one who thinks like Bossuet, and writes like Jean Jacques Rousseau—one of those spirits which are naturally rebellious, because they are never in their just place, which is the *highest*—and because, in the end, there is no place high enough for them in the world, were it even that of king or of pope (as kings and popes go in modern Europe). This man, who is a powerful politician, and has reconciled the liberty of our days to God, as Bossuet had formerly reconciled to God the royal authority—this man, who is a democrat after the manner of an old apostle—this burning voice, speaking between the church and the people, between the king and the subject, between the conscience and the external interests, between the charter and the gospel—this Catholic and constitutional Luther—this daring, energetic, implacable orator, whose denunciation breaks, crushes, and destroys all upon which it falls—to sum up all in one word, this M. de la Mennais was looked upon by the restoration as merely a youthful priest, who was a not unskilful writer, and had the gift of arousing the young, and leading them back into the faith. Oh! how dull are governments, and how wantonly do they fling themselves away! The Restoration, which knelt at the feet of M. de Bonald, had not so much as a look for M. de la Mennais. It set out on its second exile, without having once suspected that, if it could have been saved, it could only have been by leaning on men like him. On the other side, the revolution of July was not a whit wiser. It gave itself no trouble about this frail and feeble priest, ill-clad, worn out with labour, without interest, without influence, and who is not even *vicaire* of a chapel in Paris. Oh! dull as the rest! This priest—this invalid—this lonely man—this breathless and exhausted voice—this earthward-bowed mortal, suddenly lifts up his voice, his words break forth, he reveals himself. He calls unto him all the griefs, all the humiliations, all the miseries, all the sufferings, and all the opinions of disordered humanity. He proclaims himself the priest, the apostle, the infallible Pontiff (and he is) of all who are in wretchedness, exile, or revolution in the world. He writes with a pen of iron—a pen at once of poet and politician—the catechism of all revolutions to come. His *Paroles d'un Croyant* fall, armed with the popular vengeance, into those wasted and weary souls—those hopeless and bewildered spirits which revolutions ever leave behind them. A terrible book! which will work as wide destruction as burning brands flung into a corn-field. Fatal lessons! fitted to the grasp of all diseased understandings. And how are they to be resisted—that devouring word—that strong conviction of the soul—that priest who kneels upon pope and king—that apostle in rags, feeding on brown bread and spring-water—that man who has made of himself a people—that demagogue orator—that solemn voice speaking to the nations from the high place of the Christian pulpit, transported for this from the cathedral to the market-place? Oh! dull-eyed politicians, who cannot see whence the storm cometh, which is blowing right towards them, and shall shiver them to pieces! M. de la Mennais is the most powerful politician of our age; yet I know not why I have placed him amongst the ancients, he who by his genius and his wrath is the most modern of the moderns. But let us continue our review; and now, from the ancient politicians, pass we to the ancient critics.

The works of simple literary criticism, formerly so abundant, have undergone, in our day, the fate of the works on morals, likewise so frequent of old. Men busy themselves very little, now-a-days, with inquiries into the *beautiful*, and as little with those into the *good*,—though the *things* themselves are sought after with zeal. Perhaps they have learned to know, that theories are of less value than is the most simple *result* of such theories.—Quintilians are as rare amongst us as Platos and Senecas. We have, however, several excellent works in this class of literary science. The *Traité des Etudes*, by Rollin—the *Choix des Etudes*, by the Abbé Fleury—the *Discours sur l'Éloquence*, by Fénelon—his admirable letter to the French Academy—the *Essai sur les Eloges*, by Thomas—and the treatise by the Abbé Maury, entitled *L'Éloquence de la Chaire*. At a later period, and within our own epoch, we have had some ingenious critics: M. Suard, for example, who has very successfully imitated the *Eloges* of D'Alembert; Chamfort, a man of genius, if there ever was one, with a mind virtuous, loyal, and penetrating; Ginguené, who has given us an excellent history of Italian literature; La Harpe, of whom we have already spoken, such is our eagerness to mention that illustrious critic; and finally, the disciples, in that day and in this, of the creator amongst us of periodical criticism, Fréron—that Fréron who, though overwhelmed with insults and with outrage, was, nevertheless, the most courageous man, and the most far-sighted spirit of his age. Fréron dying, crushed beneath the weight of Encyclopedic hatred, left behind him Geoffroy, his continuator—Dussault, whose taste and delicacy have created a school—and Hofman, a French sort of German, French in his genius, German in his style. Upon three or four men of that stamp devolved the entire critical literature of their times; and services the most incontestable, and *therefore* forgotten, were rendered by these men to the literature of that day. Intrenched behind the strong defences of the *Journal des Débats*,—around which the Emperor Napoleon himself prowled in vain, like a caged lion,—they gave the strong aid of their precepts, if they could not give that of their example, to all the productions of contemporary genius. They were the first to proclaim the superiority of the arts of peace over those of war;—they were the first who had dared to announce that a great poet spoke with a louder voice than the thunders of artillery, and that an orator might, at times, wield a strength beyond that of armies.—They lifted up a voice of power, and not unheeded, in the midst of an empire whose thoughts were all of battle; and, having thus prepared the way for those who were to follow them, went to their graves, without care for what posterity might one day have to say of them. A thankless task is that of the journalist!—A frightful occupation that, whose office it is to give fame and glory to all others, and keep none for the professor's self! But no matter; the critic has his vocation as well as the poet, and each does well if he walks un murmuringly forward in the path which God has assigned him.

of oratory. It was they who *prepared* Mirabeau; and, of a verity, the national Tribune had been reared less quickly and less high had it not had for its foundation-stone the ruins of the Christian Chair.

Widely distant from the eloquence of Christianity, and in a style far less French, travelled forward, however, another kind of eloquence, even then already visited by the dream of its own great destiny. I speak of the eloquence of the bar. The French bar savoured long of the pedantry of the schools. Patru was the first, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, who reformed the strange abuses to which the obscure advocates, his predecessors, had so long abandoned themselves. These gentlemen got on, chiefly by the help of quotations, sacred and profane—commentaries, explanations, demonstrations, and other figures which make the resources of a barbarous rhetoric. An excellent model of all this exists in the *Plaideurs* of Racine. I remember to have read, in the speech of an advocate contemporary with Patru, the following exclamation—“You would rob us of our bread—bread which the Greeks called *τὸν βρωτὸν*!” Patru—a man of a wise and acute genius—a writer full of self-possession and of science—taught his future brethren, how a man may be at once lucid, rational, and eloquent. The *Mémoires* of Pélisson, for the Surintendant Fouquet, the speeches of Voltaire in defence of Calas and of Sirven, are models of the oratorical style; the *Mémoires* of Beaumarchais against Goetzman, have an European celebrity. Certainly M. Bergasse had need of both great eloquence and great courage to expose himself to the fury of that cruel and implacable Beaumarchais, who tore his enemies mercilessly, alike at the bar, in his books, on the stage—with his nails, with his teeth, and with his genius. M. Bergasse, however, overthrew this formidable opponent, and he revenged himself by introducing his adversary in an ill-natured drama, called *L'autre Taruffe*. M. Bergasse died a few months after the Revolution of July. King Charles X., three days before his departure, had created him a peer of France—the sole tribute which has ever been paid to the memory of this honest man, who had been suffered to fall into the deepest poverty. He died without regretting the loss of his peerage, but grieving much after his lawful king. He was one of those men, so rare, who change not—but die, in old age, amid the undisturbed convictions of their youth.

But hark ! hear you not the crash of the old society of France ? The ancient royalty, the ancient poesy, the ancient eloquence—all are passing away ! all things are changing—all things are about to be renewed ! Suddenly from the bosom of silence and amaze, rises up the most portentous voice that, since the days of Demosthenes, has ever charmed, startled, or persuaded the spirits of men. That all-prevailing voice, which sways the multitude at will, as the wind sways the waves of the ocean, is the voice of Mirabeau. Mirabeau is the creator, amongst us, of a new species of eloquence, which can never die, and has replaced every other kind of eloquence—I mean parliamentary eloquence. At length, behold the human speech winning its way, by main force, amongst the affairs of the world ! At length men may speak aloud about the substantial interests of nations. At length freedom stands revealed, has its friends and its foes, defends itself and attacks, and all by *speech*. The first discoverer of this new tongue, by which the interests of the world declare themselves, was Mirabeau; more eloquent than Demosthenes, more powerful than Cicero, more copious than Socrates, and more daring than all put together. Without art, without study, without method, without preparation, he became an orator at once,—at the moment when liberty was proclaimed. He was born an orator. His eloquence is of his own making. What a head, what an eye, how touching and terrible a voice were his ! how bold and brilliant a spirit ! He is the founder of the French Tribune. He is the prince of the art of oratory. Recall to yourself the immense labours of the Constituent Assembly, the address to the King on the dismissal of the troops, the discourse on the bankruptcy, the reply to the Abbé Maury, respecting the possessions of the Church, and his magnificent defence of Marseilles, his native city. He came armed at all points,—wielding with equal skill the weapons of sarcasm, of irony, of violence. He passed from the thunder to the smile,—now copious as that Pindaric

stream of which a single unan-  
Mimbaud would could afford to go to France!

You will probably find it impossible to give the limits prescribed by the space of all that I could afford to go to France!

Massillon, I have from speaking in our day, by preachers, and others. These young men de la Mercier, master under the preference of the school, beyond which they drew a natural master-  
tained permanent permission. Among the and the flowing, may be distant, and the Abbé, a great between the and the chris-  
tendom and res-  
great calmness, in hand, is impelled by a multitude of and listens with an attack against each other at the Théâtre  
son a pleasure to the Abbé Léon, a deep feeling of their souls, they are sur-  
who hear an impressive vain. It is that the now listen and their triumphs, these young  
same thing. Mennais writes in his *Essai*  
The book, cutting and about his son, was a very  
was before he takes no a and Chris-  
L'Abbé Léon, and very sim- and of our-  
at first, to they speak, they will say  
as you are in their fine dis-  
a mere d-  
evening's  
Church may say  
"really he  
excels the  
the Christ  
both you  
with a score  
give him his  
when he  
discourse  
acted with  
the argu-  
of a rhetor-  
then he

stream of which Horace speaks,—now replying with a single unanswerable word. In these lofty labours Mirabeau wore out his life; and when he died he could afford to die,—he had given the art of oratory to France!

You will perceive that, in this rapid sketch, it is as impossible for me not occasionally to overstep the limits prescribed, as it is to speak, in so contracted a space, of all the men of celebrity who crowd and jostle each other, in the pulpit, at the bar, and on the Tribune. To have made room for Bossuet and Massillon, I might perhaps hold myself excused from speaking of two or three young men who have, in our day, made themselves great reputations as preachers, and are run after by the public of Paris. These young men started as enthusiastic disciples of M. de Mennais. But when Rome had laid their master under ban, and he himself had declared his preference of St. Just over St. Pierre, unwilling to separate themselves from the Gospel communion, beyond which there was no arena for their eloquence, they drew as nearly as they could towards their natural master, the Archbishop of Paris, and thus obtained permission to mount the Evangelical rostrum. Amongst these young apostles, to whose energetic and flowing eloquence Paris delights to listen, two may be distinguished from the rest—the Abbé Cœur and the Abbé Lacordaire. Both have, unquestionably, a great gift of oratory. They have divided between them, perchaps unconsciously, the two domains of the Christian art. The Abbé Cœur is timid, modest and reserved; he speaks with much unctuous and great calmness. The Abbé Lacordaire, on the other hand, is impetuous, petulant, bold and irascible. The multitude crowds about these two young preachers, and listens to them,—not with Christian attention, but with an attention altogether profane; comparing them against each other, as it compared Laton with Talmus, at the *Théâtre Français*, and finding in that comparison a pleasure purely literary. The Abbé Cœur and the Abbé Lacordaire themselves, however, who have a deep feeling of the dignity of the orator,—and of the Christian orator in particular,—revolt, from the bottom of their souls, against the childish curiosity by which they are surrounded. They would give their lives to be seriously apprehended by the glittering crowds who hear them. They call to their aid the most impressive severities of the Catholic religion,—but in vain. It is neither in search of terrors nor remorse that the multitude comes to them; it is purely to listen and to applaud. Thus, in the very midst of their triumph, the confusion and discouragement of these young apostles is unspeakable. Precisely the same thing happens to them as happened to M. de la Mennais when he had written that magnificent work his *Essai sur l'indifférence en matière de religion*. The book was devoured as a book of powerful and cutting argument; after which each reader went about his business, persuaded that M. de la Mennais was a very great writer, but quite as *indifferent* as he was before. Hereupon follows what our daily frivolity takes no account of. Here are three noble Catholic and Christian spirits, La Mennais, L'Abbé Cœur, and L'Abbé Lacordaire, who begin by speaking with a lively sincerity of the Gospel and Gospel interests, and of our hereafter in a higher world. If you listen, at first, to these Christian men, in the sense in which they speak to you and desire to be heard, it is well; they will continue in the track of the Gospel, so long as you are disposed to follow them. But, if once these fine intelligences perceive that you make of their discourses a trivial plaything for your fancy—a mere distraction between the morning's and the evening's meal—a pretext for assembling in the Church to criticize him and each other, that you may say to one another as you quit the temple, "really he is a fine preacher,—his discourse of to-day excels that of yesterday,"—then be well assured that the Christian orator will learn to hold in disdain both you and his own labour. He will reject with scorn that miserable farce. You refuse to give him your faith, or even your serious attention, when he discourses to you of heaven—so he will discourse to you of earth. You are listless and distract while he speaks in obedience to authority—well, he will speak to you of revolt. You scan his arguments and analyze his phrases, with the niceness of a rhetorician, so long as he stays within the Gospel,—then he will enter into the charter. He will address

you on the sole interest which has power to excite you—on the only futurity about which you are disquieted; he will speak to you of *politics*. Thanks to yourselves, the Christian pulpit will become a Tribune—the Gospel be treated of as if it were a constitution which was to be debated—the Pope on the right hand, Luther on the left—here Voltaire, yonder the Archbishop. It is thus that M. de la Mennais has done. He made himself a *people*, because Paris would not take him seriously in his character of a priest: and thus, too, will shortly do those other young priests, whose eloquence we treat like a toy, perceiving not the chagrin and bitterness which lie beneath a faith that fails to make itself understood in the world, by any of the resources of talent and all the seductions of speech.

So much for the eloquence of the pulpit in the nineteenth century! It is not the *men* that are wanting; France has never wanted for men or for minds,—it is the faith that she lacks. Give to the Christian orator a Christian audience, and you will have no failure in orators. It is true that the Clericale of France—that article of French superiority—has sustained irreparable losses. Still, it need not be doubted, that if the old belief survived, the French clergy would soon have repaired them. There are within our noble country talent, virtue, and courage for all vocations. But who shall pierce through the mountain of infidelity which has reared itself amongst us? So long as that hopeless indifference lasts, the Church of France must not look for orators.

The eloquence of the Bar is more prosperous, in these our days, than the eloquence of the pulpit. The Bar reckons a vast number of men of talent. Vainly do the political exigencies withdraw from it, every day, some eloquent advocate, to make a deputy of him, or a minister of state; the loss is scarcely felt: "primo avulso, non deficit alter aureus." Thus, the Revolution of July, which drew, thank heaven, largely upon the Bar of Paris for its ministers, its magistrates, and its deputies, has yet in no degree diminished the oratorical splendour of that illustrious body. There pass few months amongst us which do not present the brilliant spectacle of two advocates disputing, inch by inch, the ground of one of those "*causes célèbres*," in which either the great interest of the questions at issue, or the names and exalted station of the parties, are so many lively reasons of curiosity and interest. During each of these legal contests, all other interests in Paris are suspended. The great orators come down from the Chamber of Deputies which had absorbed them, to give battle to the young advocates who, as yet, are advocates only. The strife begins, and the entire city is hushed into attention around the eager combatants. You remember that terrible, but strange, affair of the Sieur Laroncière, and the admirable fight sustained by the young Chaix d'Est-Ange, single-handed, against Odillon Barrot, the Demosthenes of the Liberal, and Berryer, the Ciceron of the Royalist opposition. It was a struggle of hand to hand and foot to foot. Barrot and Berryer defended between them a young girl, beautiful, innocent, weak, and grossly outraged and assaulted by a wretched *sous-lieutenant*:—Chaix d'Est-Ange, on the other hand, was the defender of this same young man, convicted, overwhelmed, crushed beneath the mere gaze of that young girl, who wept and fainted but to look upon him. Chaix d'Est-Ange, fighting alone against the most illustrious heroes of the Bar of Paris, made head against them bravely; and if his client fell at last, it was only because it was impossible that Laroncière should not fall before the accusing finger with which that young girl pointed him out. The real advocate of Mademoiselle de Morel was Mademoiselle de Morel herself. Had she not pleaded in her own cause, her assassin had escaped.

Odillon Barrot, however, is, as we have said, the pride of French Liberal, as Berryer is that of French Royalist oratory. Nothing can be more formidable than the cool self-possession of Barrot—nothing more touching than the emotion of Berryer. The one thunders and denounces—the other weeps and persuades. The one has no pity—and the other no fear. They have fought many a battle against each other; and it was a novel and a curious thing to find them allied together, on this occasion, against the

young Chaix d'Est-Ange, and to see this fine young man maintaining his ground against a coalition so formidable. Of such materials is the Bar of Paris composed! Rich in wit, abundant in energy, great in courage, firm in independence,—such is the character of that peculiar eloquence, which is wanting in nothing, save only in style. Is the art of oratory on the advance or the decline amongst us? Are its speeches made merely to be listened to, or to survive? Does that species of improvisation, which strikes such powerful blows, and yet leaves behind no fragment of itself, constitute the whole of eloquence? Are the great masters of antiquity, who prepared their least important speeches with such prodigious care, and whose lightest orations have come down to us as models of eloquence, to be considered as properly *eloquent* or not? Can a truly fine oration neglect its style,—the principle to which it should owe its prolonged existence? Were Demosthenes and Cicero, those two great masters, who polished even their wrath,—who, after the delivery of their discourses, revised them again and again added to them, expunged from them, (as in the case of the famous oration for Milo,)—less powerful pleaders than Berryer and Chaix d'Est-Ange, who trust to the emotion of the moment, so powerful, but so fleeting, to produce their effects—to agitate, to persuade, to melt? Is eloquence itself thing so common that we can afford to fling it to the winds, as fast as it is produced,—as the mass of wonderful and excellent composition squandered by the fifty or sixty daily journals, published in Paris, is flung to the winds on each morning? These are great questions, which I have not time to examine. In any case, the eloquence of the Bar is unquestionably a thing whose existence is not to be denied amongst us, and yet of which France cannot produce the proofs—so unpremeditated is that species of eloquence—so much does it lose in being written down—and so entirely is it formed to glitter and expire with the immediate passions of the speaker. The same thing may be said of Parliamentary eloquence, which is scarcely more literary than the eloquence of the Bar. But the eloquence of the senate is too intimately mixed up with the gravest interests of the nation, to permit of our subjecting it to the same species of judgment which we may apply to any other kind of oratory, affecting interests whose discussion is limited by the walls of the cathedral or the hall of justice. Besides, if the parliamentary eloquence of modern France can be in no degree compared to that polished and learned oratory, the brilliant secret of which antiquity has failed to transmit to us, it must, at least, be acknowledged that there never was a deliberative assembly which reckoned amongst its members a larger number of skilful speakers than the Chamber of Deputies for the last ten years. It is to be remembered that Imperial France had almost entirely forgotten the early and glorious oratorical displays of the Constituent Assembly, when, in 1815, she was surprised by a constitution, the very birth and establishment of which of necessity demanded great orators. Remember that France of the Charter had lost sight, amid the smoke of her battle-fields and the exigencies of war, of all the arts of peace,—all the beautiful and severe studies of poetic leisure,—when she found herself by accident, and at once, in the midst of a constitution, of which she had to discuss all the articles, one by one. (When I say *all* the articles, I should observe, in exception, that the 14th article was suffered to pass without examination,—and that fourteenth article was pregnant with a revolution!) Remember further, that it was the soldiers of the Empire—Foy and Lamarque—both now amongst the dead, the one buried amid his own triumph, the other buried in the revolution of July, and wrapped in a bloody shroud,—who first began to lisp out the earliest words that France had heard from her reviving Tribune. It was no easy task for these men of war, and no little surprise to that Imperialized France, which had been long unused to listen to a free voice speaking freely. Well, in that art of speech, new as it then was to us, our progress was rapid. 1789 had created for us impromptu orators—and 1815 did the same. Speech is, as is the sword, a weapon always wielded well by him who has courage, and marches forward: and all the orators of the new constitution have marched in advance. Louis XVIII.,

—who had flattered himself that the Chamber of Deputies would need, at least, some ten years of apprenticeship, and fully reckoned upon dying before he should be called upon to make them any allowances in his quality of master,—was greatly surprised when he heard these soldiers of yesterday speaking so loudly, so boldly, and with such unexpected facility —these *parvenu* orators, who already equalled the orators of your own House of Commons. No long time elapsed before these same speakers, who at first confined themselves to the defensive, felt skilful and strong enough to assume the offensive in their turn. France will long remember the magnificent conflict between M. de Villèle and the Liberal opposition — single fox opposed to twenty unchained lions, yet making head against them all ! All the ability and all the power of the Restoration engaged in the struggle with certain impromptu orators ! The Royalty of France, which saw nothing more in all this than a battle between a minister and its own subjects of the Chamber of Deputies, amused itself by watching the strenuous efforts of the one side and the other. It criticized the blows delivered by each, as if it had had no personal interest in the issue. It dealt out its blame and its applause, as might have been done by a simple spectator — not a French spectator, but an Englishman or a German. It looked on as the Spaniard does at his bull-fights ; and when M. de Villèle was wounded, it called out “ Bravo, the Bull ! ”—Oh ! dull and short-sighted Royalty ! which could not see that it was itself the victim which was dragged along the arena ; that the opposition was chasing it, in the person of its minister ; that the inextinguishable hatreds of Waterloo were strengthening every day in the bosoms of the populace at the voice of its orators ! Fated Royalty ! which listened calmly to that eloquence, so moderate in appearance, so wrathful and impatient in fact. When M. de Villèle fell, the opposition dissembled its triumph, for it was then sure of its victory. Foy, Manuel, Benjamin Constant, Odillon Barrot, Lafitte, foresaw that which was to happen. Royalty awakened, but too late, to a sense of the power of the popular orator, strove vainly to silence those importunate voices to which it had been so long an amused listener. The country, already in revolt, sent insultingly back to the Chamber those same proscribed voices, —dearer to it for that proscription. All was gone, and eloquence once again had triumphed over the Royalty of France. That same Restoration, which believed itself to be immortal, was driven into flight before a few orators : and, to crown its misfortunes, after a magnificent revolution of three days, an advocate—a deputy—member of the opposition—M. Odillon Barrot, hat in hand, conducted Charles X. and his family to the ship at Cherbourg, riding in that same path of the sea which had been traversed, under circumstances so varied, by Henrietta of England. Nearly the same thing which happened to Charles X. had happened before to Louis XVI. : an advocate and deputy had brought back Louis and his family from Varennes to Paris—a journey less sad and less humiliating than that of King Charles X. to Cherbourg ; for the advocate who conducted Charles conducted him to *exile*, —but the advocate who conducted Louis conducted him only to *death* !

Mark, too, that after having, by a word, overthrown one of the most solid monarchies of modern Europe, the Chamber of Deputies,—that is to say, the eloquence of parliament,—founded also, by a word, another monarchy not less solid. By one motion of the hand, it drove forth a dynasty, and called in another; and such was the passive obedience of the nation, that it suffered these deputies to make, and unmake, a King, as if it had been some simple question of an amendment in the excise laws. Is there any instance of an eloquence more powerful and more effective than this?

The revolution of July gave a new impulse to our parliamentary eloquence. A new era—*nova eras*—may be said to have then arisen. The lowering of the qualification, and of the elective age to thirty years, brought into the Chamber many young and brilliant spirits, who waited only an occasion to signalize themselves as great speakers. If the Chamber of 1830 had produced only M. Thiers, it would be entitled to honourable mention,—for it produced a great orator in him. But the Chamber of 1830 did

not produce M. Thiers alone; for it likewise exhibited M. Guizot under an entirely new light, and extended the reputation of M. Berryer. M. Dupin, more at his ease since he became one of the leaders of French society, took also a loftier character of independence, and his sarcasm gained in power thereby. It is a property of revolutions to bring into relief the qualities of men, whether good or evil; and in either case society is a gainer. And are we to reckon for nothing M. le Due de Fitz-James, that eloquent voice of the Chamber of Peers, which ascended to the Chamber of Deputies; or M. Casimir Perrier, who strove to save the revolution from its own excesses, and cried aloud to it to halt, ere yet it was too late; or M. de Lamartine, that fine *ideal*ity, who dreams aloud in the Tribune, and whose harmonious and cadenced prose is listened to as eagerly as his verses; or M. Sauzat, who came thither to display all the vanity of his eloquence of the bar, which will not submit itself to parliamentary forms; or M. Lafitte, that vanquished glory, who knows not now whether to bestake himself, amid the very scenes where he was once a king; or M. Odillon Barrot, who doubts of his own identity, and questions himself daily if he be indeed Odillon Barrot; or M. Garnier Pages, or M. Kératry, or M. St. Marc Girardin,—that young writer of so much imagination, and who will be eloquent as soon as he shall have learnt to keep his imagination in control; or many another, who do not just now occur to me, and who are all more or less orators? Such is the condition of our parliamentary eloquence of to-day!

We shall stumble again upon M. Thiers, M. Guizot, and the principal orators of that party, in a separate chapter, when we shall have reached our division of the "Modems."

But the study most necessary to modern nations,—even before the eloquence of the tribune,—is, beyond all question, the study of history. We have little time, now-a-days, to occupy ourselves with grammar, poetry, comedy, romance,—all the delightful superficies, in fact, so dear to a people that has little else to do; but we are greedy of politics, written or spoken, and eager after history,—which is the politics of deceased nations. Here, too, a great difference may be remarked, between history such as the ancients wrote it, and history such as it is written in our day. Improvisation, that tenth muse of modern times, has taken possession of modern history,—as it has taken possession of eloquence, of politics, of the theatre, and of all things. When we study the masterpieces of Xenophon, of Thucydides, of Livy, of Tacitus, of Sallust, they seem to us so many pages of a perfection which it is hopeless to seek to approach. History, thus written, thus meditated, and thus mingled with all the passions of eloquence, rises up to the dignity of epic poetry. The historian of antiquity, occupied with the care of disposing his events in the most dramatic forms, and in making the characters of his drama speak as it is probable they would have spoken, was surely more of a poet than a historian. Is there amongst the epic poems of old, a relation more skilfully arranged than that of the war of Catiline, in the pages of Sallust? Is nothing *but* facts, and happen from one day to another—without anything like explanation or commentary. What could be more marvellous than the history of the French Revolution, or that of the Emperor Napoleon? Where will you find a subject more vast than the one, or a hero more supernatural than the other? Where were there ever relations more fitted for the handling of genius? In the greatest nation of the universe, breaking with its own hands the throne of its kings and the temple of its gods—immolating with the same axe its clergy and its nobles—and yet, from the midst of such extended ruins, extricating itself by the force of courage abroad, and of resignation at home? In the other, a man, coming, poor and solitary, from a nameless island, to solicit from France an uniform, bread, and a few lessons in mathematics—which France conceded out of charity. A little while, and this young man, whose existence had been scarcely known, commands the wondering gaze of Europe, from the summit of the Egyptian pyramids! Nay more, he has a loftier pedestal than the pyramids—he sits on the throne of France's kings—he is the master of Europe—the master of the world. Again a little while, and you find him once more in a lonely island, poorer and more alone than when he wandered from the island of his birth.—What a history to write!

not the story of Agricola, in Tacitus, a disheartening model—not of history, but of eloquence? And have you not been often struck with the remarkable adherence of the historians of antiquity, to the recollection that history was first written in verse—that it was exclusively the office of the poets—and that Homer himself was neither more nor less than the most ingenious, the ablest, and the most exact of historians?

Modern nations have striven in vain to elevate themselves to the literary height of the historians of antiquity. They have been, in the outset, so forcibly arrested by the character of the facts, and of the men who claimed a place in their histories, that all which they have found themselves able to do, has been to class them without confusion, and then give a clear and chronological account of what had passed. We have very few skilfully-written histories;—but, in compensation, we have chronicles and other kinds of relation, admirable for their *naïveté*. Froissart, Philippe de Comines, Sully, Preréfixe, are skilful and intelligent chroniclers. M. de Thou, a severe disciple of Livy, has been so very unfortunate as to write the History of France in the dead language of his illustrious master. Mezeray is some-  
And the history of the Restoration—who is to write that?—another great subject is there. A race of kings in exile, and reconciled to their exiled destiny—suddenly awakened by the fall of the emperor. The solitude of Hartwell echoing back those swelling words—*Sire and Majesty!* The bloody scaffold of Louis XVI., covered anew with velvet and with gold, for the enthronement of the family of the martyrok—Louis XVIII.—the spiritual king—the philosopher king—the man of the eighteenth French century—making preparation for his own interment at St. Denis, as the sole kingdom in which he could feel that there was nothing further to apprehend from usurpation. Behold an epopee and a hero worthy the interest and the study of the historian! Then Charles X.,—that noble-hearted gentleman, but obstinate as he was frivolous—who could not see that Nineveh had but forty days to live,—that imprudent prince who lost, in attack, the strength which he should have used for his defence alone. Then all that marvellous *pétè-mèle* of revolution, of empire, and of royalty—that magnificent conflict of the red cap, the white banner, and the tricoloured flag: young France herself advancing, to surprise and charge, amidst their mutual

times eloquent—always neat, clear, and lively—but he is deficient in art. Bossuet has written a book, in the antique taste—the *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle*, the most magnificent chapter in the written history of the world. St. Réal is a feeble imitator of Sallust—without either his energy, his style, or his eloquence. The Cardinal de Retz, on the contrary, is at least the equal of the historian of Catinat: great in style—great in thought—great in irony—and great in courage—he has the spirit of a gentleman, the heart of a captain, and the elegant diction of a courtier. We have lately been presented with a complete historical master-piece, of which we had before only fragments—the *Mémoires de St. Simon*—the admirable and charming gossip of the most distinguished *grand Seigneur* of his day, about the court, the men, and the things, of the most brilliant generation of our history. The histories of the excellent Rollin are still read amongst us, and deserve to be so—that enthusiastic (and, without knowing it, republican) imitator of classic antiquity. Finally, we have further—to oppose to all the master-pieces of ancient history—a work of Montesquieu's, and a work of Voltaire's—the *Décadence des Romains*, and the magnificent *Dialogue de Sylla et d'Ecrate*. We have the *Essai sur les Meurs*, and the *Histoire de Charles XII.*—and these make all our riches! From the date of Duclos, we fall into historical compilations. Then comes the French Revolution, and with it the *Moniteur Universel*—that history written from day to day—without love or hatred—without taste or method—but always directed against the vanquished of yesterday by the conqueror of to-day. If care be not taken, the *Moniteur Universel* will be the death of history amongst us, by handing it over to that mere dry assertion of facts which are nothing *but* facts, and happen from one day to another—without anything like explanation or commentary. What could be more marvellous than the history of the French Revolution, or that of the Emperor Napoleon? Where will you find a subject more vast than the one, or a hero more supernatural than the other? Where were there ever relations more fitted for the handling of genius? In one, the greatest nation of the universe, breaking with its own hands the throne of its kings and the temple of its gods—immolating with the same axe its clergy and its nobles—and yet, from the midst of such extended ruins, extricating itself by the force of courage abroad, and of resignation at home? In the other, a man, coming, poor and solitary, from a nameless island, to solicit from France an uniform, bread, and a few lessons in mathematics—which France conceded out of charity. A little while, and this young man, whose existence had been scarcely known, commands the wondering gaze of Europe, from the summit of the Egyptian pyramids! Nay more, he has a loftier pedestal than the pyramids—he sits on the throne of France's kings—he is the master of Europe—the master of the world. Again a little while, and you find him once more in a lonely island, poorer and more alone than when he wandered from the island of his birth.—What a history to write!

And the history of the Restoration—who is to write that?—another great subject is there. A race of kings in exile, and reconciled to their exiled destiny—suddenly awakened by the fall of the emperor. The solitude of Hartwell echoing back those swelling words—*Sire and Majesty!* The bloody scaffold of Louis XVI., covered anew with velvet and with gold, for the enthronement of the family of the martyrokings—Louis XVIII.—the spiritual king—the philosopher king—the man of the eighteenth French century—making preparation for his own interment at St. Denis, as the sole kingdom in which he could feel that there was nothing further to apprehend from usurpation. Behold an epopee and a hero worthy the interest and the study of the historian! Then Charles X.,—that noble-hearted gentleman, but obstinate as he was frivolous—who could not see that Nineveh had but forty days to live,—that imprudent prince who lost, in attack, the strength which he should have used for his defence alone. Then all that marvellous *pôle-môle* of revolution, of empire, and of royalty—that magnificent conflict of the red cap, the white banner, and the tricoloured flag: young France herself advancing, to surprise and charge, amidst their mutual

strife, alike that vanquished Revolution, that moth-eaten Empire, and that Restoration with the wound in its heart. Then, all at once, the catastrophe of the three days—inevitable and yet unforeseen;—the monarch departing for the third time—as calm and tranquil as though he but fulfilled some common duty, or were setting out for his pleasure-house—*tendere venebris in agros*. The Duchess of Angoulême, with her manly heart and masculine mind, supporting herself, without a murmur, on that slender reed which bears the name of the Due d'Angoulême.—The Duchess of Berry, destined to compromise her cause, as well by her weakness as her strength. The young and promising child, on whom before reposed so many and such lofty destinies, devoted now to an exile like that of the last Stuarts, without end and without glory. How is it that this extraordinary history—or rather these three extraordinary histories—have not yet furnished the subjects of three historic master-pieces? And how greatly is it to be regretted, that with histories like these, France has none to write them.

It is true that, if the Emperor Napoleon have not yet found a biographer worthy of him, and if the history of the Restoration be still to write, we possess, at least, the History of the French Revolution, by M. Thiers. It is a celebrated and popular book in France—and I believe in Europe. It is the first effort of M. Thiers—that ready extemporiser for all occasions. When M. Thiers arrived in Paris from his remote province, bringing with him no baggage beyond the accumulated hatred in his heart against everything that bore the name of legitimate royalty or power by right divine, he little suspected the great part which he was destined, one day, to play, in the affairs of the world. Opposing only courage and virtue to his actual position—he suffered, studied, and laboured on in silence. He reached Paris at the most formidable moment of the royal triumph over the imperial defeat. At that juncture, all hope seemed over for the doctrines of the Convention. The charter was but newly born; and the opposition, as yet, timid and weak was but in its infancy. M. Thiers, lost in the crowd of oppressed and discontented spirits, turned his eyes not towards the Empire—which had already receded farther from us than the Revolution, but towards that Revolution itself—become now the prey of the conquerors. The Revolution, at that period, was the object of all sorts of outrage: 1789 was loaded with reproaches, as constituting the disgrace of the human mind. At this moment it was that the young author undertook to vindicate the French Revolution, by writing its history. His was, in the highest degree, one of that quality of minds which take a marvellous grasp of all things—rapid in the acquirement of knowledge—one of those fine and unsullied pages on which so much may be written. The history of the French Revolution was known to him as yet, only by instinct; but with one like him, so to know it was to know it truly. He set himself at once, however, to examine into the facts and the men of the Revolution. He inquired into its laws, its orations, its battles, its victories, its defeats. He occupied himself with researches of a thousand kinds;—war he discussed with the generals—finances with the financiers—diplomacy with the diplomats. Nothing escaped his enthusiastic, persevering, and enlightened mind. The most clear-sighted amongst those whom M. Thiers subjected to this species of interrogation, believed that they had merely to do with a young man, eager for knowledge, and seeking information. But far beyond this was the object in view—a history to be prepared—a book which its author wrote on each evening, depositing therein his booty of the day. It was in such manner that this History of the French Revolution was prepared. Properly speaking, it is neither a book, nor a journal, nor a biography, nor an autobiography, nor a pamphlet—but a little of all these together; that is to say, partaking of the good and essential qualities proper to each. It combines the compactness and unity of the book, the order and arrangement of the journal, the simplicity of the biography, the valuable and minute details of the autobiography, and the enthusiasm, the passion, and the indignation of the pamphlet. This History of the French Revolution unites in itself all the kinds of merit which characterize those various brief histories, which are not history itself, though nearly

related to it. Its pages contain admirable passages. There are, in many parts of this great book, whole chapters which read as if they had been written with the sword. Yet the truth must be told—it is not a history after all, but admirable materials for history—*disiecta membra poetae*.

By the side of M. Thiers, though marching in a different track, is another statesman,—great historian and a great orator—M. Guizot. M. Guizot is the man of France who has given the happiest impulse to historical studies; he loves history as M. de Lamartine loves poetry. M. Guizot has devoted his entire life to this noble inquiry, which treats of nations and of kings. In his chair at the Sorbonne, when he was, as yet, only the most distinguished Professor of history in France, M. Guizot explained, with singular clearness, the origin of the French nation, filled as it is with obscurity, and shadowed by a heavy cloud. M. Guizot examined contemporaneously into the history of France and into that of England; he collated at the same time, and with the same care, the chronicles of the two nations. He is a philosopher having a marvellous grasp of vision,—who does not disjoin in his books what God had brought together, nor permit the historian to isolate the nation whose history he undertakes to write, from the nations which surround it. Even in this day, amid all his labours of the tribune and the government, M. Guizot finds time to preside over the Commission for French History—to send hither and thither throughout England, throughout Germany, throughout Italy and throughout our own ancient cities, young men of his school, commissioned by him to collect historical materials. I would gladly have spoken here of his *Discours de réception* (inaugural address) to the French Academy—but it is a work which defies analysis. No man has ever spoken more magnificently on the subjects of the eighteenth century and of history,—those two noble passions of M. Guizot.

Several historians of a reputation less brilliant, without doubt, but of a science not less solid, claim also our attention and our esteem. The author of the *Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre par les Normands*, M. Augustin Thierry, is conspicuously a man born to write history. What a mind for investigation is his!—What an art for separating confused sources, and detecting all the small streams which have become merged in the one great river! The terrible misfortune which has overtaken M. Augustin Thierry—the blindness with which he has been smitten in the midst of his researches—has been unable to crush his intrepid and resolute skill. He has persevered more earnestly than ever in his discoveries; and, whether it be that he had already laid in stores of knowledge for his life,—or that for the man of genius there is a gift of second sight—the page which he has *dictated* is not to be distinguished from the page which he had written. To the honour of our Prince Royal be it said, that the learning and the misfortune of M. Thierry have awakened noble and touching sentiments in his breast. He has taken under his protection the historian of Old France, appointed him his librarian,—and when M. Thierry has occasion to speak with the prince, it is the prince who goes in search of him. This is well—thus it should be with learned men, and thus it should be with princes.

After him, a man of natural eloquence, lively but intelligent passion and persevering science, M. Michelet, recommends himself to our notice by his imagination, bold, impetuous, and active. The works of M. Michelet are filled with interesting knowledge and entertaining discoveries. His master is Niebuhr. M. Michelet is a fine historical investigator—he loves to inquire, he loves to discover, but, above all, he loves to divine. Old books, old times, old doubts, these are his true elements; he passes night and day in exploring the libraries, and fancying to himself all sorts of French and German histories—lofty phantoms of a powerful imagination—which, after all, is perhaps a better thing than reality. M. Michelet is much occupied with the philosophy of history. He amuses himself by reconciling Vico and Descartes. One day, with a hardihood which few could have evinced, he set himself to work to make Luther write his own memoirs!—the *Mémoires de Luther*, by M. Michelet. The book was seriously announced and seriously read. Here and there, in its pages, the terrible Luther lifts up that powerful and melancholy

voice which changed the world. Our learned historian makes the most of that correspondence, more voluminous and more interesting than the letters of Voltaire. In itself, and in its singular title, *Mémoires de Luther*, the book is a very fine romance, filled with interest and with passion,—treating not merely of the fearful duel fought by Luther against Rome, but treating also of the terrible reformer in his house, by the side of his wife, in his battles, in his temptations, in his private consolations, and in his familiar doubts of every day.

Another historical romancer, full of zeal and kindness, whose works are destined to popularity, M. Alexis Monteil, absorbed in profound and incredible labours, occupies himself with reconstructing, not the ancient frame of French society, but the most minute details of the private life, domestic manners and popular usages of France. Nothing can be more ingenious than his *Histoire des Français des divers états*. Generation after generation, citizens and lords, monks and soldiers, scholars and peasants, ladies and knight-girls, the learned man and the rustic, the knight and his squire, are all made to pass before the reader. You see them act, and hear them speak, in their houses, in their churches, in the street, at table, in bed, in town and in country, in their schools:—rich and poor, freeman and slave, the king himself and the convent abbess, the queen and the page, the minstrel and the tale-teller, are all there; and with them all their moveables great and small—trunks, tables, glasses, clothes, harness, carts, arms, ornaments, fine arts; no museum in the world is better filled than the encyclopedic head of M. Alexis Monteil. If he has not the daring and ingenious skill of your own admirable Sir Walter Scott, he has at least his patience and erudition; if he cannot, like him, animate the personages of his drama with all the living passions, he can, like him, arrange, with the utmost exactitude, the localities which might have been the scenes of many a drama of interest and emotion. M. Alexis Monteil has constructed an admirable theatre amid the history of France:—scarcely any thing is wanting to it; palaces, cottages, churches, monasteries, fortresses, all are there—it wants only living men and their passions. There is a feeling of sadness in passing through his pages, for you have entered unconsciously, as it were, into one of those castles of the ancient faery where all things are asleep—where nothing has the motion of life—where the very fire gives no warmth, and the lighted lamp flings no ray—where the guests are without hunger and the meats without savour. M. Alexis Monteil is the very embodiment of patience, erudition, and exact and minute research: he is the learned half of Sir Walter Scott; but the other moiety—the genius, the art of enchaining the interest, of putting the passions in play, of conducting a plot, and constructing a story, at once true, chaste, simple and varied, out of the bloody and miry wrecks of real history,—is a gift bestowed upon no modern man, since the death of that great enchanter, whose fame is kept at all domestic hearths—Sir Walter Scott!

There are besides amongst us, some few historians of less mark; but of these I shall speak when I come to the article which treats of the historical romance writers.

[To be continued on the 6th May.]

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COPYRIGHT AND COPYWRONG.

To the Editor of the Atheneum.

My dear Sir,—I have, perhaps, sufficiently illustrated the state of copyright, bad as it is, without the help of Foreign intervention: not, however, without misgivings that I shall be suspected of quoting from some burlesque code, drawn up by a Rabelais in ridicule of the legislative efforts of a community of ouranauts—or a sample by Swift, of the Constitution of the Sages of Laputa. I have proved that literary property might almost be defined, reversing the common advertisement, as something of use to everybody but the owner. To guard this precarious possession I have shown how the law provides, 1st, That if a work be of temporary interest it shall virtually be free for any Bookaneer to avail himself of its pages and its popularity with impunity. 2dly, That when time has stamped a work as of permanent value, the copyright shall belong to anybody or nobody. I may now add,—as if to “huddle jest upon jest,”—that the mere registry of a work, to entitle it to this precious protection,

incurs a fee of eleven copies—in value, it might happen, some hundreds of pounds! Then to protect the author—"aye, such protection as vultures give to lambs."—I have instanced how he is responsible for all he writes—and subject, for libel and so forth, to fines and imprisonment—how he may libel by proxy—and how he may practically be labelled himself without redress. I have evidenced how the law, that protects his brass-plate on the door, will wink at the stealing of his name by a brazen pirate; howbeit the author, for only accommodating himself by a forgery, might be transported beyond seas. I have set forth how, though he may not commit any breach of privilege, he may have his own words garbled, Frenchified, transmogrified, garnished, taken in or let out, like old clothes, turned, dyed and altered. I have proved, in short, according to my first position, that in the evil eye of the law, "we have neither character to lose nor property to protect,"—that there is "one law for the rich and another for the poor" (alias authors)—and that the weights and scales which Justice uses in literary matters ought to be broken before her face by the petty jury.

And now let me ask, is this forlorn state—its professors thus degradingly appreciated, its products thus shabbily appraised—the proper condition of literature? The liberty of the press is boasted of as a part of the British constitution: but might it not be supposed that, in default of a censorship, some cunning Machiavel had devised a sly underplot for the discouragement of letters—an occult conspiracy to present "men of learning and genius" to the world's eye in the pitiful plight of poor devils, starvelings, mumpers, paupers, vagrants, loose fish, jobbers, needy and seedy ones, nobodies ne'er-do-wells, shy coves, strollers, creatures, wretches, objects, small debtors, borrowers, dependents, lackpennies, half-sirs, clapper-dudgeons, scamps, insolvents, maunders, blue-gowns, bedesmen, scare-crows, fellows about town, sneaks, scrubs, shabbies, rascal deer of the herd, animals "wi' letter'd brass collars"—but poor dogs for all that? Our family tree is ancient enough, for it is coeval with knowledge; and Mythology, the old original Herald's College, has assigned us a glorious blazonry. But would not one believe that some sneering Mephistopheles, willing to pull down "God Almighty's gentlemen," had sought to supply the images of their heraldry with a scurvy gloss: e. g., a Lady Patroness with an *egis*, that gives more stones than bread: a Patron who dispenses sunshine in lieu of coal and candle: nine elderly spinsters, who have never married for want of fortune: a horse with wings, that failing oats he may fly after the chaff that is driven before the wind: a forked mount, and no knife to it: a lot of hay-leaves—and no custards: a spring of Adam's ale! In fact, all the standing jests and taunts at authors and authorship have their point in poverty: such as Grub-street—first floors down the chimney—sixpenny ordinaries—second-hand suites—shabby blacks, holes at the elbow—and true as epaulette to the shoulder the hand of the bumballif!

Unfortunately, as if to countenance such a plot as I have hypothetically assumed above, there is a marked disproportion, as compared with other professions, in the number of literary men who are selected for public honours and employments. So far indeed from their having, as a body, any voice in the senate, they have scarcely a vote at the hustings; for the system under which they suffer is hardly adapted to make them forty-shilling freeholders, much less to enable them to qualify for seats in the House. A jealous-minded person might take occasion to say, that this was but a covert mode of effecting the exclusion of men whom the gods have made poetical, and whose voices might sound more melodious and quite as pregnant with meaning as many a *vox et præterea nihil* that is lifted up to Mr. Spenser. A literary man, indeed,—Sheridan,—is affirmed by Lord Byron to have delivered the best speech that was ever listened to in Parliament,—and it would even add force to the insinuation that the rotten boroughs, averred to be the only gaps by which men merely rich in learning and genius could creep into the Commons, have been recently stopped up. Of course such a plot cannot be entertained; but in the meantime the effect is the same, and whilst an apparent slight is cast upon literature, the senate has probably been deprived of the musical wisdom of many wonderful Talking Birds, through the want of

the Golden Waters. For instance, it might not only be profitable to hear such a man as Southey, who has both read history and written history, speak to the matter in hand, when the affairs of nations are discussed, and the beacon lights of the past may be made to reflect a guiding ray into the London-like fogs of the future. I am quite aware that literary genius *per se* is not reckoned a sufficient qualification for a legislator:—perhaps not—but why is not a poet as competent to discuss questions concerning the public welfare, the national honour, the maintenance of morals and religion, or the education of the people, as a gentleman, without a touch of poetry about him, who had been schooling his intellects for the evening's debate by a course of morning whist? Into some of these honorary memberships, so to speak, a few distinguished men of letters might be safely franked—and if they did not exactly turn up trumps—I mean as statesmen—they would serve to do away with an awkward impression that literature, which as a sort of Natural religion is the best ally of the Revealed one, has been unkindly denied any share in that affectionate relationship which obtains between Church and State. As for the Upper House, I will not presume to say whether the dignity of that illustrious assembly would have been impaired or otherwise by the presence of a Baron with the motto of *Poeta nascitur, non fit*; supposing Literature to have taken a seat in the person of Sir Walter Scott beside the Lords of law and war. It is not for me to decide whether the brain-bewitching art be worthy of such high distinction as the brain-bewilder art, or that other one described by a bard, himself a Peer; but in the absence of such creations it seems a peculiar hardship that men of letters should not have been selected for distinctions; the "Blue Ribbon of Literature" for instance, most legitimately their due. Finally, as if to aggravate these neglects, literary men have not been consoled, as is usual, for the loss of more airy gratifications by a share in what Justice Greedy would call "the substantials, Sir Giles, the substantials." They have been treated as if they were unworthy of public employments, at least with two exceptions—Burns, who held a post very much under Government, and Wordsworth, who shares the reproach of "the loaves and fishes" for penny rolls and sprats. The want of business-like habits, it is true, has been alleged against the fraternity; but even granting such deficiency, might not the most practical Idlers, Loungers and Ramblers of them all fill their posts quite as efficiently as those personages who are paid for having nothing to do, and never neglect their duty? Not that I am an admirer of sinecures, except in the Irishman's acceptance of the word; but may not such bonuses to gentlemen who write as little as they well can, viz., their names to the receipts, appear a little like a wish to disown those other gentlemen who write as much as they well can, and are at the expense of printing it besides?

I had better here enter a little protest against these remarks being mistaken for the spleenetic and wrathful ebullitions of a morbid or addled egotism. I have not "deviated into the gloomy vanity of drawing from self;" I charge the State, it is true, with backing literature as the champion backed Cato—that is to say, tail foremost—but I am far from therefore considering myself as an overlooked, underkept, wet-blanked, hid-under-a-bushel, or lapped-in-a-napkin individual. I have never, to my knowledge, displayed any remarkable aptitude for business, any decided predilection for politics, or unusual mastery in political economy—any striking talent at "a multiplicity of talk,"—and whilst I am a very indifferent hand at a rubber, I have never, like Bubb Dodington, expressed a determined ambition "to make a public figure—I had not decided what, but a public figure I was resolved to make." Nay, more, in a general view, I am not anxious to see literary men "giving up to a party what was meant for mankind," or hanging like sloths on the "branches of the revenue," or even engrossing working situations, such as gauger-ships, to the exclusion of humbler individuals, who, like Dogberry, have the natural gifts of reading and writing.

\* One Patrick Maguire. He had been appointed to a situation the reverse of a place of all work; and his friends, who called to congratulate him, were very much astonished to see his face lengthen on receipt of the news. "A sinecure is it!" exclaimed Pat, "The devil thank them for that same. Sure I know what a sinecure is. It's a place where there's nothing to do, and they pay ye by the piece!"

ing, and nothing else. Neither am I eager to claim for them those other distinctions, titles and decorations, the dignity of which requires a certain affluence of income for its support. A few orders indeed, domestic or foreign, conferred through a bookseller, hang not ungracefully on an author, at the same time that they help to support his slender revenue; but there would be something too ludicrous even for my humour, in a star—and no coat; a Garter—and no stocking; a coronet—and no nightcap; a collar—and no shirt! Besides, the creatures have, like the glowworm and the firefly, (but at the head instead of the tail), a sort of splendour of their own, which makes them less in need of any adventitious lustre. If I have dwelt on the dearth of state patronage, public employments, honours and emoluments, it was principally to correct a Vulgar Error, not noticed by Sir Thomas Browne; namely, that poets and their kind are "marigolds in the sun's eye,"—the world's favourite and pet children; whereas they are in reality its snubbed ones. It was to show that Literature, neglected by the government, and unprotected by the law, was placed in a false position; whereby its professors present such anomalous phenomena as high priests of knowledge—without a surplus; enlarged minds in the King's Bench; school-masters obliged to be abroad; great scholars without a knife and fork and spoon; master minds at journeymen-work; moral magistrates greatly unpaid; immortals without a living; menders of the human heart breaking their own; mighty intellects begrimed their mite; great wits jumping into nothing good; ornaments to their country put on the shelf; constellations of genius under a cloud; eminent pens quite stumped up; great lights of the age with a thief in them; prophets to booksellers;—my ink almost blushes from black to red whilst marking such associations of the divine ore with the earthly—but, methinks, 'tis the metal of one of the scales in which we are weighed and found wanting. Poverty is the badge of all our tribe, and its reproach. There is, for instance, a well-known taunt against a humble class of men, who live by their pens, which, girding not at the quality of their work, but the rate of its remuneration, twits them as penny-a-liners! Can the world be aware of the range of the shaft? What, pray, was glorious John Milton, upon whom rested an after-glow of the holy inspiration of the sacred writers, like the twilight bequeathed by a midsummer sun? Why he was, as you may reckon any time in his divine *Paradise Lost*, not even a ha'penny-a-liner! We have no proof that Shakespeare, the high priest of humanity, was even a farthing-a-liner, and we know that Homer not only sold his lines "gratis for nothing," but gave credit to all eternity! If I wrong the world I beg pardon—but I really believe it invented the phrase of the *republic of letters*, to insinuate that taking the whole lot of authors together they have not got a *sovereign* amongst them!

I have now reduced Literature, as an arithmetician would say, to its lowest terms. I have shown her like Misery,—

For Misery is trodden on by many,  
And, being low, never relieved by any.—  
fairly ragged, beggar'd, and down in the dust, having been robbed of her last farthing by a pickpocket (that's a pirate). There she sits, like Diggon Davie—"Her was her while it was daylight, but now her is a most wretched wight," or rather like a crazy Kate; a laughing-stock for the mob (that's the world), unprotected by the constable (that's the law), threatened by the beadle (that's the law too), repelled from the workhouse by the overseer (that's the government), and denied any claim on the parish funds. Agricultural distress is a fool to it! One of those counterfeit cranks, to quote from "The English Rogue," "such as pretend to have the falling sickness, and by putting a piece of white soap into the corner of their mouths will make the froth come boiling forth, to cause pity in the beholders."

If we inquire into the causes of this depression, some must undoubtedly be laid at the doors of literary men themselves; but perhaps the greater proportion may be traced to the want of any definite ideas amongst people in general, on the following particulars:—1. How an author writes. 2. Why an author writes. 3. What an author writes. And firstly, as to how he writes, upon which head there is a wonderful diversity of opinions; one

thinks that the author writes for the glove of his ancestor; that he is d—d self heating lies in his classical all dramatic p intuition; ridge's Kub Of course according to the coming of the midnight oil probably by the belief that the author by miracle apostle on down from author writing opinions o think that he writes for antiquity. benefit of the which is that he writes particular—at take it for benefit but green-room money—certain sch it be wond motives, t anything author, wh poor one, from Aber pleasure and the g from a ser writes. That it can it can com a stable star religion, a it reads in no sign enforcing Maker or all but the A solid mception. the most noblest p maxims excep it vied voce, for dream in Parlia would as They mu orange or The ma sight of comity o is, accor mind"— such tang is condone with the want of small sti coming prophet. by South from the the grea takes o for? an few qua primary

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thinks that writing is "as easy as lying," and pictures the author sitting carefully at his desk "with his glove on," like Sir Roger de Coverley's poetical ancestor. A second holds that "the easiest reading is d—d hard writing," and imagines Time himself beating his brains over an extempore. A third believes in inspiration, i. e. that metaphors, quotations, classical allusions, historical illustrations, and even dramatic plots—all come to the waking author by intuition; whilst ready-made poems, like Coleridge's Kubla Khan, are dictated to him in sleep. Of course the estimate of his desert will rise or fall according to the degree of learned labour attributed to the composition: he who sees in his mind's eye a genius of the lamp, consuming gallons on gallons of midnight oil—will assign a rate of reward, regulated probably by the success of the Hull whalers; whilst the believer in inspiration will doubtless conceive that the author ought to be fed as well as prompted by miracle, and accordingly bid him look up, like the apostle on the old Dutch tiles, for a bullock coming down from heaven in a bundle. 2ndly. *Why* an author writes; and there is as wide a patchwork of opinions on this head as on the former. Some think that he writes for the present—others, that he writes for posterity—and a few, that he writes for antiquity. One believes that he writes for the benefit of the world in general—his own excepted—which is the opinion of the law. A second conceives that he writes for the benefit of booksellers in particular—and this is the trade's opinion. A third takes it for granted that he writes for nobody's benefit but his own—which is the opinion of the green-room. He is supposed to write for fame—for money—for amusement—for political ends—and, by certain schoolmasters, "to improve his mind." Need it be wondered at, that in this uncertainty as to his motives, the world sometimes perversely gives him anything but the thing he wants. Thus the rich author, who yearns for fame, gets a pension; the poor one, who hungers for bread, receives a diploma from Aberdeen; the writer for amusement has the pleasure of a mohawking review in a periodical; and the gentleman in search of a place has an offer from a sentimental milliner! 3rdly. *What* an author writes. The world is so much of a Champion, that it can understand hieroglyphics, if nothing else; it can comprehend outward visible signs, and grapple with a tangible emblem. It knows that a man on a table stands for patriotism, a man in a pulpit for religion, and so on, but it is a little obtuse as to what it reads in King Cadmus's types. A book hangs out no sign. Thus persons will go through a chapter, enforcing some principal duty of man towards his Maker or his neighbour, without discovering that, in all but the name, they have been reading a sermon. A solid mahogany pulpit is wanting to such a perception. They will con over an essay, glowing with the most ardent love of liberty, instinct with the noblest patriotism, and replete with the soundest maxims of polity, without the remotest notion that, except its being delivered upon paper instead of *viv voce*, they have been attending to a speech. As for dreaming of the author as a being who could sit in Parliament, and uphold the same sentiments, they would as soon think of chaining an abstract idea. They must see a *bond fide* waggon, with its true blue orange or green flag, to arrive at such a conclusion. The material keeps the upperhand. Hence the sight of a substantial Vicar may suggest the necessity of a parsonage and a glebe; but the author is, according to the proverb, "out of sight, out of mind"—a spirituality not to be associated with such tangible temporalities as bread and cheese. He is condemned, *par contumace*, to dine, *tête-à-tête*, with the Barmecide or Duke Humphrey, whilst, for want of a visible hustings, or velvet cushion, the small still voice of his pages is never conceived of as coming from a patriot, a statesman, a priest, or a prophet. As a case in point: there is a short poem by Southey, called the "Battle of Blenheim," which, from the text of some poor fellow's skull who fell in the greatest victory—

For many a thousand bodies there  
Lay rotting in the sun—

takes occasion to ask what they killed each other for? and what good came of it in the end? These few quaint verses contain the very essence of a primary Quaker doctrine; yet lacking the tangible

sign—drab coat or a broad-brimmed hat—no member of the sect ever yet discovered that, in all but the garb, the peace-loving author was a Friend, moved by the spirit, and holding forth in verse in a strain worthy of the great Fox himself! Is such poetry, then, a *vanity*, or something worthy of all quakerly patronage? Verily, if the copyright had been valued at a thousand pounds the Society ought to have purchased it—printed the poem as a tract—and distributed it by tens of thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands, till every fighting man in the army and navy had a copy, including the marines. The Society, however, has done nothing of the kind; and it has only acted like society in general towards literature, by regarding it as a vanity or a luxury rather than as a grand moral engine, capable of advancing the spiritual as well as the temporal interests of mankind. It has looked upon poets and their kind as common men, and not as spirits that, like the ascending and descending angels in Jacob's vision, hold commerce with the sky itself, and help to maintain the intercourse between earth and heaven.

I have yet a few comments to offer on the charges usually preferred against literary men, but shall reserve them for another and concluding letter.

THOMAS HOOD.

#### SONG.

ONCE on a time, when Love was young,  
While light as his own dart he flew,  
Where'er a gentle lay was sung,  
Even there would Love be singing too.  
Where'er Maiden sighed, he'd sigh,  
Where'er she smiled, he'd smile as gay,  
Where'er she wept, he flew to dry  
With cherub lips her tears away.

But now, alas! that Love is old,  
Beauty may e'en lay down her lute;  
His wings are stiff, his heart is cold,  
He will not come and warble to':  
Or like a tottering tiny sire,  
With false voice, and false-feathered wing,  
Will only to a golden lyre,  
And for a golden penny sing.

Keen-sighted grown, but deaf and lame,  
All changed from what he wont to be,  
Vilely transformed in very name,  
Not Cupid, but Cupidity.

Now bed-rid on his bags, the knave  
Crudles like silkworm in its crust,  
Content to sink into the grave,  
Might he be buried in gold dust.

Now Maids must sigh or smile alone,  
Like roses in the desert bred;  
Or bleed, on rocky bosoms thrown,  
Or die,—for Love himself is dead!

G. D.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

Sir Francis Freeling's collection of pictures was sold last Saturday, at a very full meeting of connoisseurs, artists, picture-mongers, and pickpockets—which latter class of *savans*, as we know to our cost, were not the most idle. Etty's "Sabrina" fetched fifty-three guineas, and his "Cleopatra on the Cydnus" two hundred and ten. Wilkie's inimitable "Beggar" brought one hundred and eleven, the cheapest picture, according to real value, sold on this occasion: the same sum was paid for Landseer's "Rat Hunting," and by the same purchaser, Mr. Vernon, who must now possess an English gallery of the very first order. Gainsborough's "Beggar Family," Leslie's "Young Mother," and several paintings of name were likewise sold, for the prices of which we refer to the *savans* above-mentioned, who from the love of *virtù*, we suppose—certainly not virtue—appropriated our pocket-book, wherein the sums were registered.

Four new rooms have been added to Campanari's Museum, Pall Mall, since our last notice of it. Two contain recumbent statues in terra cotta, of a style rather less antique than those in peperino; and a third exhibits an unique sarcophagus, roofed after the manner of a house with large sloping tiles, heavily

jointed, the apices of the two pediments being surmounted with sphinxes, and the chest itself having sculptures, less rude than rough, upon all its sides. This room is embellished with paintings of the usual bizarre description, and the other three wards are hung with various chattels as they were found in the original mortuaries after the lapse of so many ages. A small *columbarium* forms a fifth room, or passage. These additions will, we hope, bring more visitors, and more visitors still more additions.

We have just received information of a new Society about to be formed in London, entitled the Ornithological Society. The objects of the Society are to be obtained by the exhibition of living birds—the propagation and dispersion of the domestic races, particular attention being paid to the Rassorial Genera, and their types—a Museum—Library—Periodical Meetings—Ornithological Lectures—the publication of Ornithological works, scientific and practical—and Prize Shows. Application is, we understand, to be made to Government, for locality for the Society's Museum, Library, &c.; and, if successful, the Museum is to be freely open to the public three days a week.

#### BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The GALLERY for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of FRENCH ARTISTS, is Open daily from 10 in the Morning until 5 in the Evening.—Admittance, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, at their GALLERY, PALL MALL EAST, WILL OPEN ON MONDAY NEXT, 25th instant. Open each Day from 9 till dusk.—Admittance 1s.; Catalogue 6d.

R. HILLS, Sec.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

The Nobility, Gentry, and the Public, are respectfully informed that this Establishment will RE-OPEN for the Season on MONDAY NEXT; the 24th inst., with a NEW EXHIBITION.

Now Exhibiting at the Gallery in Maddox Street,  
Hanover Square,

DE KEYSER'S FIELD OF THE GOLDEN SPURS.—The magnificent Picture representing the DEATH OF THE COUNT D'ALTOIS at the Battle of COURTRAI, fought between the Flemings and French in 1302; or, 'The Field of the Golden Spurs,' painted by NICOLAUS DE KEYSER, of Antwerp, and which elicited such general applause at Brussels, and was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and open to the public exhibition at the Gallery in Maddox Street, Hanover-square, opposite to St. George's Church.—This splendid effort of genius, the production of a Youth only in his 22nd year, is perhaps without a parallel in the annals of Art.—Admission, 1s.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

April 20.—The Earl of Burlington, V.P., in the chair.—Frederick C. Skey, Esq. was elected; and Archibald Armstrong White, Esq. was admitted a Fellow.

The following gentlemen were proposed as candidates:—George Edward Frere, Esq.; Robert Bigsby, Esq.; Joseph Ellison Portlock, Captain of Royal Engineers; Valentine Mott, M.D., of New York.

A paper was read, entitled 'Observations taken on the Western Coast of North America, by the late Mr. David Douglas, with a report on his paper, by Major Edward Sabine, R.A., F.R.S., communicated by the Right Hon. Lord Glenelg.

##### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

April 15.—The Right Honourable Sir Alexander Johnstone, V.P., in the chair.

J. G. Malcolson, Esq. read a paper on the saltiness of the Red Sea, detailing the particulars of some experiments performed by him, while returning from India last year, and which he had been led to make by the report of the officers of the *Hugh Lindsay* steamer, that in consequence of the greater saltiness of the sea in that part of the voyage, they had been obliged to blow off the steam more frequently there than elsewhere; and by the discrepancies in the results of the analyses of Mr. Prinsep and Dr. Ure, which Mr. Prinsep had supposed might be accounted for, by the water on which the trials had been made having been taken from different parts of the Red Sea. Mr. Malcolson's object was to discover how far this was the case; and although prevented by illness from performing all that he wished to do, he found, in fact, that the water of the neighbourhood of Mocha differed in specific gravity very little from that analyzed by Mr. Prinsep, while the specific gravity of that taken up at Cosseir corresponded with the result obtained by Dr. Ure. Mr. Malcolson concluded by showing, that the increased quantity of salt, shown by the increased specific gravity, would have a considerable

Influence on the rapidity of deposit in the boilers, and would be the occasion of some delay on the voyage.

A short note, by Baron von Hammer von Purgstall, was read, and in which the learned orientalist alludes to four Turkish biographies of Mohammed, printed within these sixteen years in Persia and Egypt, containing a mass of facts unknown to European biographers of the prophet. One of these works recorded, that the first translation of the Scriptures from the Hebrew into the Arabic tongue, had been made by the cousin of Khadija, Mohammed's first wife. The original Turkish said "Gospels"; but the Baron concluded, that from the mention of the Hebrew tongue, it was decisive that the Bible was meant; and that such a conclusion was confirmed by the more intimate acquaintance shown by Mohammed with the Bible, than with the New Testament.

The reading of some curious details of the doctrines and customs of the Buddhist Priests of Siam, by Captain James Low, was commenced.

The chairman announced, that the Fourteenth Anniversary Meeting of the Society would take place on the 6th of May, at 1 P.M.

[In our last report of the meetings of the Royal Asiatic Society, some observations made by Mr. Wilkinson at that meeting, appear to have been misstated. It was there stated, that the Indians had a mode of bringing out the pattern on the Damasked steel, by means of the vapour of horse-dung; whereas it appears to be, that the damask is elicited on their gun-barrels by covering them with a paste of sulphate of lime and water, and then suspending them in a well, as described in our paper. The agency of the vapour alluded to is confined to the excluding of the atmospheric air, and thereby preventing the corrosion of the metal by oxydation.]

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

April 19.—Rev. W. Whewell, President, in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. Owen, 'On the cranium of the Toxodon, a new extinct gigantic animal, referable by its dentition to the Rodentia, but with affinities to Pachydermata and herbivorous Cetaceae.'

This cranium forms part of the series of fossils collected by Mr. Darwin in South America. It was found in the Sarandis, a small tributary of the Rio Negro, about 120 miles N.W. from Monte Video, and had been imbedded in the whitish, argillaceous earth which forms the banks of that rivulet. The subsoil of the whole of the surrounding country is granitic, and Mr. Darwin considers the argillaceous covering to be an estuary deposit, accumulated by the river now called the Plata, and at a period when the land was at a lower level with reference to the ocean, than it is at present.

The dimensions of this interesting fossil, the extreme length of the skull being two feet four inches, and the extreme breadth one foot four inches, amply attest that the species to which it belonged attained a magnitude comparable only with some of the gigantic Pachyderms or the extinct Megatherium.

From the structure of the molar teeth and their continuous mode of growth, Mr. Owen showed that the Toxodon is referable to the Rodentia; but that it differs from the existing animals of that order in the number and relative position of the incisors, and in the number and direction of the curvature of the molars. The Toxodon again deviates from the true Rodentia, and resembles the Wombat, in the form of the articular cavity of the lower jaw. It differs from the Rodentia and resembles the Pachydermata in the relative position of the glenoid cavities and zygomatic arches, and in many minor details. In the aspect of the plane of the occipital region of the skull, in the form and position of the occipital condyles, in the transverse extent of the frontal region of the skull, in the aspect of the plane of the bony aperture of the nostrils, and in the thickness and texture of the osseous parietes of the skull, the Toxodon differs from both the Rodentia and Pachydermata, and manifests an affinity to the Cetaceous order.

From these instances of aberrant characters in the Toxodon, considered as a gigantic Rodent, and which were described in admirable detail, Mr. Owen pointed out, that although the teeth, from their correspondence with many other important parts of the

animal structure, and from the facility of observing them, are highly important and useful zoological characters, yet that they are not, in all cases, sufficient alone to determine the order to which a Mammifera belongs; and that upon due consideration it will appear, that dental characters must yield the precedence to those afforded by the modification of the organs of progressive motion. It may, therefore, be inferred, that those orders in the present received systems of Mammalogy, which are founded on characters afforded by the teeth alone, are less natural, and less important groups, than those which are based on modifications of the locomotive extremities; and *a fortiori*, on those which combine such distinctive characters with equally characteristic peculiarities of dentation. At present there is no evidence to determine what was the nature of the extremities of the Toxodon, but Mr. Owen is of opinion, that although it cannot be positively affirmed the genus may not be referable to the Moticata of Linnaeus, yet, from the development of the nasal cavity, and the frontal sinus, that it is extremely improbable the habits of the species were so strictly aquatic as the entire absence of hinder extremities would occasion.

In conclusion, he pointed out the interesting fact, that the recent animal most analogous to the Toxodon, combining the characters of a Pachyderm and a Rodent, and, from its aquatic habits, called the Water-hog, or Hydrochaerus, exists only in South America—the same region in which this gigantic fossil, possessing similar aberrant peculiarities, has been discovered.

#### STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

At the ordinary monthly meeting on Monday the 17th inst., Henry Hallam, Esq. in the chair, nine new Fellows were elected, and the following documents were read:—

1. A Report of the Committee on Medical Statistics; stating that the Committee has hitherto been engaged chiefly in preparing queries for the future collection of facts relating to the Statistics of Medicine, and in suggesting such forms for the registration of information, as may produce uniformity in the abstracts, and lead to the most useful and practical results. The report explained a tabulated statement, prepared by the Committee, of the number and particulars of cases of suicide in Westminster, which have been subjects of coroners' inquests, from Jan. 1812, to Dec. 1836. The Committee, it was stated, had obtained from the Home Office, a list of coroners in England and Wales; and seven statistical accounts relating to the Lying-in Charity attached to Guy's Hospital.

2. A Report of the Committee on Criminal Statistics; stating that the Committee had completed, and accompanied with an explanatory paper, a Form for the future registration of all desirable information respecting the condition and character of persons charged with offences, the nature of the offences, and the circumstances which have led to their perpetration, with the results of the investigation or trial.

3. A Return to the Society's printed Questions, for the collection of Local Statistics; containing a series of answers relating to the township and parish of Winwick in Lancashire, prepared by R. A. Hornby, Esq.

4. A communication from the Secretary of the Statistical Society of Bristol, giving an account of its formation, constitution, and progress.

5. A communication from the Secretary of the Statistical Society of Manchester, giving a similar account of that Society.

6. A paper on the influence of age on the mortality of the population of Sweden. By T. R. Edmonds, Esq.

This was stated, by several of the leading members of the society, to be a paper of great importance and ability; but being, from the nature of the subject, a continuous chain of mathematical reasoning on numerical data, purely statistical, it is impossible, in a condensed abstract, to exhibit justly and usefully a series of remarks, which can be properly appreciated only by considering them with reference to all the antecedent and collateral facts which the author noticed. We shall therefore give only some of the general introductory observations, with a brief

statement of the principal points developed in the course of the paper.

Human society, said Mr. Edmonds, is constituted by a succession of individuals, entering by birth and removed by death. The permanency of a population depends on the receiving of supplies through birth, sufficient to compensate the losses through death. This state may be correctly represented by a close reservoir, receiving water through one pipe, and discharging it through a second pipe. The water contained in the reservoir, will represent a stationary population, if the pipe of influx be equal to the pipe of efflux. By means of statistical observations, the relation between the size of the equal pipes and the dimensions of the reservoir, has been ascertained. If through each of the equal pipes be transmitted, in one year, a quantity of water equal to the *fortieth* part of the water constantly contained in the reservoir, we shall have a true representation of a stationary human society.

In order that the comparison may be accurate, it is necessary to take into consideration the time during which each particle may remain in the reservoir of water, or life. Some remain only an hour, others a hundred years—the chances of entering the pipe of efflux or death, being not equal for all individuals at whatever age from entrance; since it is a fact established by all statistical observations on this subject, that the chance of falling into the pipe of efflux is very great immediately after birth,—that this chance is very low at the age of ten years, and again very high at advanced ages. The influence of age on the mortality, may therefore be represented by the following kind of motion among the particles in the reservoir. Those just admitted, revolve in circles passing close to the point of danger, (the orifice of the pipe of efflux); as these particles advance in age, the distance of their circles from the point of danger gradually increases, until, after a certain time, as ten or fifteen years, the circles of revolution again approach the point of danger with a velocity continually accelerated. This representation of the influence of age, is in conformity with every statistical observation on mortality, although this influence has not been supposed capable of being precisely and mathematically expressed. The object of the author's remarks was, to show that the forces of removal from, and of attraction to, the point of danger admit of exact numerical estimate, in the case of Sweden. By the help of other observations the author would show, that these forces are probably the same in all populations.

The relation between the dying and the living, without distinction of age, has been frequently ascertained in various populations: but the instances are very rare, in which the mortality at different intervals of age, has been ascertained by direct observation. In comparing the mortalities of different nations, the quotients of the total deaths by the total numbers living, are usually adopted as the sole ground of comparison. The quotients of the number dying at each age, by the number living at the same age, have been rarely obtained by direct observation.

In the majority of nations, it is found by calculation, that the part of the population under the age of five years suffers a yearly mortality of eight per cent.—that the part of the population between the ages of ten and fifteen years suffers a yearly mortality of only *two-thirds* of one per cent.—and that the part of the population at the age of fifty-five, suffers a yearly mortality of two and a-half per cent, which is nearly equal to the mortality of the aggregate population without distinction of age.

Among the very few observations in existence, from which can be directly determined the mortality at every age of life, those collected by Sweden hold the first place, and are the only ones which supply the means of comparing, at distinct intervals of age, the mortality suffered by the same nation at distant periods of time. From the year 1753 to the present time, the living and the dying of the Swedish population have been periodically enumerated, and classified in quinquennial gradations of age. It is only within the last two or three years, that any nation has made an attempt to present facts on mortality, similar to those which Sweden has been presenting to the world for the last eighty years. England is one of these competing nations, but the observation here, besides being isolated, is imperfect from being

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founded only on one enumeration of the living, distinguished according to age, in 1821. Belgium is the only other nation which has attempted to imitate Sweden; but the period for which the ages of the deaths have been observed in that kingdom, is only three years. In England the ages of the deaths have been observed for a period of eighteen years. In Belgium, as in England, there has never been made more than one enumeration of the living distinguished according to age. In Sweden, the returns are nearly perfect, and leave nothing to be desired, except a distinction of the deaths occurring on the first and second month after birth. From these returns we are enabled to state positively, the mortality which has been suffered at any age for either sex, during any part of the last eighty years. Eight Tables, drawn up by Mr. Edmonds, and displaying the influence of age and sex on the mortality of the population of Sweden throughout seventy-one years, ending with 1830, were here referred to.

According to the tables in most common use, the mortality under the age of one year, is generally as twenty out of one hundred born; at the age of ten years it is always less than one per cent.; at the age of 30, the annual mortality is seldom lower than fifteen out of 100 surviving this age. The question deserving consideration is, whether, the mortality at the three above-mentioned periods being known, the mortality at any intermediate age may not be calculated therefrom.

Mr. Edmonds then proceeded to develop the fact, that some constant proportions exist in the increase and decrease of mortality at certain ages:—namely, that, from the age of one to seven, the mortality diminishes one-third, or thirty-two and a half per cent. every year; that from the age of ten to fifty, it increases three per cent. every year, and that beyond the age of sixty it increases eight per cent. every year. Many remarks were added, explanatory of this theory of *constants*, and of the determinate period over which they respectively extend.

The theoretical tables of Mr. Edmonds, constructed in accordance with the formula which he had developed, and reduced to an algebraic expression, were shown to coincide in the most satisfactory manner with various statistical exhibitions of mortality, with which they have been compared, and the author especially noticed their coincidence with the statements of M. Hoffman, in the paper published in the first Part of the Society's Transactions.

#### INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Feb. 21.—Bryan Donkin, Esq. V.P., in the chair. Some conversation took place on the paper by Mr. Reynolds, on the form of rails and method of constructing railways, which had been read at the last meeting. It was stated that there were evidently great advantages in the system of continuous bearing; and the combination of wood and iron, proposed by Mr. Reynolds, seemed well adapted in some respects to answer the proposed object. But a question might be raised respecting the angular form of the bearers. There were advantages in the facility with which the under side of these bearers might have earth beaten under them, so as to restore any part which might have sunk; but the peculiar advantages assigned to this form, as affording the vertical support due to an increased area, were not at once apparent. To this it was replied, that the rails on Chatmoor did not show any tendency to sink, and were, in the opinion of many who had been to see them, in a better condition, both as to level and wear, than the others which had been laid at the same time in the usual manner. Objections to the wood, from its liability to decay, were replied to, by stating that the wood having been boiled in tar, and allowed to cool in the tar, became impervious to moisture, and was, consequently, very little liable to decay.

A paper, 'On the method of producing truly Spherical Balls,' by Mr. Grey; and one by Mr. Marsh on the same subject; also a paper descriptive of an Expansive Table for Steam, whereby, assuming that the temperature remains constant, the elastic force of the steam, after a given expansion, would be at once known, by Mr. Edwards, of Lowestoft; were read.

Feb. 23.—The President in the chair.—Herr Beuth, of Berlin, was elected an Honorary Member. Some allusion having been made to the application of a true sphere, placed on a tray, as a level, it was

stated that as no dependence could be placed on the tray being a perfect plane, or on the homogeneity of matter, the indications of such a level could not be relied on. It was necessary that there should be some curvature in a tray so applied, that the deviations from a particular position might be known. Mr. Donkin then gave a short account of an application which he made of Hardy's niddy-noddy for the purposes of levelling; the extreme delicacy of this level was scarcely credible. A paper, by Herman Koehler, on the construction of Railways in America, was read. The rail which is used in many of them, and which the author is now using in a railway in Germany, is called the inverted T rail,—that is, a rail whose section is the shape of this letter, and placed with the broad part downwards.

A paper, by Mr. Robertson, of Glasgow, on a new Lewis, was read. This lewis consists of two pieces united by a bolt, so that the power being applied at the upper arms, the lower ends are forced outwards, and pressed against the sides of the hole. It was stated that any workman could make the hole for this lewis, and that it could be inserted and removed without any fittings.

March 7.—The President in the chair. Mr. W. Billington, of Wakefield, was transferred from the class of Associates to the class of Corresponding Members. Mr. Edwards, of Lowestoft, was elected a Corresponding Member.

A paper, by Mr. Hays, on a machine used for scouring out small rivers, was read. A wooden vertical frame, with scrapers at the bottom, is lowered at the stern of a boat, and can be raised or lowered so as to suit the depth of the water. To the sides of the stern of the boat are attached wings, which by opening out make an artificial dam. The boat is moved along by the pressure of the head of water so created, and the mud being raked up is carried down before the rake to the mouth of the river. This machine, which has been in use on the Stour, was considered extremely well adapted for the purposes proposed.

A paper, and drawing, descriptive of a bridge which had been erected by Mr. Bull over the Calder Navigation, was received from that gentleman. The arch, composed of two ribs of fir timber, is 147 feet 6 inches in span, 11 feet versed sine, 5 feet wide at the centre, and 8 feet at the abutments. The widening out at the abutments was considered as giving considerable stiffness to the structure, and well calculated to diminish the vibration.

A report by the Secretary, on the experiments on timber, which Lieut. Denison had presented to the Institution, was read. It appeared from these experiments, that up to the point at which the elasticity of the material began to be impaired, the deflection increased uniformly with the weights. The specimens in many of these experiments were too small, and the early weights too large, to admit of an exact determination of the elastic weight,—that is, the weight which would be borne permanently by the specimen. It was stated, that whenever the ratio between the deflection and the weight imposed changes in a given beam, we may be certain that the elasticity is being violated, and that a permanent set is acquired. That although beams may stand for some time which are loaded beyond the elastic weight, yet the smallest excess in this respect must in time break the beam. An instance was quoted, in which a beam having deflected too much, was sawn down and bolted up, so that its depth was increased from 10 to 11 inches; the deflection for the same weight was so small when compared with the preceding, that the latter beam must be considered ten times as strong as the former. This, and some other instances, gave rise to a very lengthened discussion on the strength of beams, and the principles on which their strength was to be calculated, especially with reference to the forms of iron girders, which Mr. Hodgkinson has recommended as the strongest for a given quantity of metal.

March 14.—The President in the chair.—Herman Koehler, of Leipzig, was elected a Corresponding Member; Lieut. Denison, of the Royal Engineers, and Mr. Stephen Ballard, of Ledbury, were elected Associates. Some remarks having been made on the decay of timber in contact with stone, it was stated by a Member that he had recently examined a bridge, the only decayed parts of which

were those built into the stone. That the ends of the timber being charred, or placed in an iron socket, however thin, was a certain preservative; but that wood in contact with stone invariably decays in a very short time. A Member stated, that in a situation with which he was acquainted, the wood near the ground was seized by the dry rot in a very short time. This was prevented by inserting the doorposts, &c. into iron boots 16 or 18 inches deep. It was suggested that the system of fronting, by which wood is surrounded with large quantities of moisture, must contribute to the early decay of bond timber, and that bond iron was consequently much used. This was said not to be the case in the buildings at Manchester; and the exception was attributed to the high temperature and consequent dry state at which the buildings are there maintained. The average temperature of the manufactory was stated to be 60° F. Some remarks were then made on the system of building which was adopted at Manchester.

The subject of the strength of cast iron and of girders was discussed, and the experiments of Mr. Hodgkinson, as detailed in the Transactions of the Manchester Society, were referred to. It appeared that the object of these experiments was to ascertain the beam which is strongest at the breaking point, or which requires the greatest breaking weights. Several members stated that the breaking weights ought never to be considered, but only the elastic weight. That up to the elastic limit the forces of extension and of compression are equal, and that consequently a beam is equally strong whether laid one way up or the opposite. From these principles Tredgold concludes that in the strongest beam there must be an equal flange at the top and at the bottom, whereas Mr. Hodgkinson makes the lower flange four or five times the size of the upper, and considers the principal strength to lie in the lower flange.

March 21.—Bryan Donkin, Esq. V.P., in the chair.—A paper by Mr. Bray, 'On the application of the known rules for calculating the strength of cast-iron girders,' was read. In this it was shown that the present rules gave the most inconsistent results; the one making that the strongest, which the other makes the weakest; so that a rule which would apply to all cases is a great desideratum. Tredgold gives no rule for a girder in which the bottom flange is larger than the top; he never contemplated this case.

A paper, by the Secretary, on the experiments of Mr. Hodgkinson, was read. The object of this paper was to examine whether those forms which were recommended by Mr. Hodgkinson, as requiring the greatest breaking weights, might not exhibit an earlier violation of the elastic limit than the more ordinary forms. This appeared to be the case in some of the experiments, but in the greater part of them the early weights are so large, and the early deflections so irregular, that we may suspect the elasticity to have been violated even from the first; the question therefore proposed cannot be satisfactorily answered. In the subsequent discussion it was stated, that on the usually admitted hypothesis of the equality of the forces of extension and compression, it would follow that the neutral axis must pass through the centre of gravity, and that its position could consequently be determined. As a proof of the elasticity which exists in the most solid masses, it was stated that the mere pressure of the finger, amounting to four or five pounds, on either of the stone piers of a transit, would cause a deviation in a very sensible level. The piers are of solid stone, 2½ feet square at the top, and 8 feet high; the transit being removed, the level is set upon them; the index returns regularly to its position as the pressure is removed.

April 4.—Bryan Donkin, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Two papers 'On Experiments instituted by Mr. Horne, for determining the best force and position of wooden bearers,' were presented. It was stated as the result of these experiments that the position of the bearer makes a difference of 25 per cent. in its strength, and that for a given quantity of material a bearer of a triangular section, with its base upwards, is the strongest form, but with its base downwards the weakest.

Some remarks having been made on the vibrations produced in the soil by the passage of rapid carriages, instances were mentioned in which the vibration was

sensible at the distance of a mile and upwards, during observations by reflexion. It was stated, that the experiments made for determining the effect which the passage of locomotive carriages might have on the observations at the Royal Observatory had not decided the question; this might be owing to the nature of the ground on which the carriages ran. It was also stated that the running down the hill in the Park during fair time produces a slight tremor; its vibration, however, is not sufficient to disturb the observations; whereas the vibration produced on shutting the outer gate of the Observatory, during an observation by reflexion, would throw the star completely out of the field of the telescope.

A discussion then took place on the comparative merits of the single pumping and crank engine, for the purposes of pumping.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Artists' Conversations .....	Eight P.M.
	Westminster Medical Society .....	Eight.
MON.	Royal Geographical Society .....	Nine.
TUES.	Medico-Chirurgical Society .....	1 p. Eight.
CIVIL ENGINEERS .....	Eight.	
ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY (Scienc. Business) & p. Eight.		
WED.	Medico-Botanical Society .....	Eight.
SOCIETY OF ARTS .....	Eight.	
THUR.	Royal Society .....	1 p. Eight.
Royal Society of Literature (Ann.)	Four.	
SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES .....	Eight.	
FRI.	Royal Institution .....	1 p. Eight.

#### FINE ARTS

BEFORE the Exhibition of Exhibitions claims a report from us, (and such should be the forthcoming display made by R.A.s and others, on the opening of the National Gallery,) let us examine and dismiss the few prints lying on our table. Some months ago we ventured to characterize the literary age as one in which the domestic affections were the ruling powers, in place of those grander passions, under whose dynasty Tragedy swept across the stage, and Romance muttered out her legends. If we are to take the prints before us as a fair specimen of what is doing in the world of Art, our remark may be extended from works produced by the pen to those of the pencil and graver.

We begin with a few gentle and domestic subjects. Mr. Joy's *Widow's Hope* (admirably engraved in mezzotint by Mr. Porter) being the first on the list. The sleeping child, whose chubby hands lying upon the coverlid, bespeak the quietness of his slumbers as much as his drooping head or sealed eyes, is perhaps not more true to nature than the watcher at his side, whose widow's attire is arranged with somewhat too much coquetry, but at all events it is more pleasing. Mr. Fraser's *Asking a Blessing*—the Quaker family sitting silent before their dinner, which we noticed in the exhibition-room of the British Institution, comes next, very well rendered by Mr. C. Lewis. Here, too, is Mr. Herbert's *Hide and Seek*, a bright-faced, bare-footed imp, squeezed up against a garden-door in sunny vine-draped corner; her pent-up laughter must burst out in another moment, and betray her lurking-place. The light in this design is happily managed, and Mrs. W. H. Simmons has engraved it clearly, without harshness. Miss Fanny Corbaux has grouped her two favourite faces once again in *The Birthday*, and hung a garland of flowers round the neck of the younger child. There is a certain rustic grace in many of her female heads, to say nothing of the costume chiefly affected by her, which recalls to us our best English painters of some fifty years since. If we must own to having seen the same thing often well done before, we should also say that this particular engraving is a very attractive one, by Mr. William Carles.

Let us turn from these arbour and cottage-door subjects to a very fine and a very fierce thing—Mr. Cooper's *Fighting for the Standard at Marston Moor*, engraved by Giller. There is life and motion in every line of this bold composition, but some little confusion in the knot of contending figures; and in the prostrate trooper, half buried by his overthrown charger, a carelessness of drawing is discernible.

Another single print, which hardly classes with any of the works before us, is Mr. S. J. Walker's *Restoration of the Roman Forum*, engraved in the line manner by Mr. W. R. Smith. Notwithstanding the many vestiges of architectural splendour

still remaining, so large a portion of this design is necessarily conjectural and imaginative, that it must be regarded as rather a composition than a representation; and to our taste, though the general effect is sufficiently imposing, there is too much of uniformity and repetition in the detail.

Next come illustrations of standard works; the most prominent of these being a series of female heads from 'Lalla Rookh,' well lithographed by Miss Corbaux, from designs by her sister, and bearing the sickly title of *Pearls of the East*. Many of them are graceful: one, the Hindoo girl watching the floating lamp, characteristic; and one, the sleeping Nourmahal, richly beautiful. Heath's *Shakespeare Gallery* has reached its ninth number. The plates most to our taste are Mr. Leslie's Lady Anne, under whose widow's veil grief and credulity are mingled with a fine perception of the character. Mr. J. Hayter's Desdemona, with her earnest, soft, dark eyes, if not precisely our *beau ideal* of

The gentle lady married to the Moor.

is still romantic, trustful, and pure enough in her beauty to make us accept her in default of a better. Mr. F. P. Stephanoff's Katharine is "Kate the curst" every inch of her,—with all her airs and impiousness, a woman worth bold Petruchio's taming. Mr. Chalon's Lady Macbeth, too, is here, and we could mention some half dozen other heads, which have pleased us, though less than those we have singled out. The new French edition of *Paul et Virginie*, illustrated by wood-cuts, according to the sumptuous fashion recently adopted in the 'Gil Blas' and Moliere, has satisfied us less thoroughly than its predecessors,—perhaps, because the tale was less susceptible of varied illustration,—but it is still a splendid work: we should have liked the merely ornamental designs of letters, &c. better, had they been cast into the form of vignettes, and not thrust in rectangular patches among the letter-press.

If any one could illustrate that over-deep and chaotic puzzle—the Second Part of 'Faust,' Moritz Retsch is, of course, the man. He has tried, and produced a series of spirited and significant outlines, but falling far short of those earlier designs, which make us reject as impertinent all other representations of the young Faust, in the days of his love for Gretchen, and the Walpurgis frolic. Far more to our mind, (though strongly tintured with this delightful artist's peculiar mannerism,) is his single print of *The Chess-players*: an evil spirit and a youth playing a game—for stake, the soul of the latter—for spectator, his good angel, who looks on mournfully, to see the arch-deceiver sweeping piece after piece (in which the virtues are symbolized) from the board. There is food in this pregnant design for an evening's admiration and thought.

A few portraits and books of portraits must now be noticed, beginning with No. 3 of the *Engravings from the Works of Sir Thomas Lawrence*, in which the portraits of the Archbishop of York, and Lady Peel, and Lord Hardwicke, by the admirable manner in which they are executed, maintain the high character of the work. We can say as much for the 3rd number of Ryall's *Portraits of Conservative Statesmen*, which includes Sir Robert Peel, Lawrence's portrait, Sir Henry Hardinge, after Eddis, and the Right Hon. F. Shaw, after F. Cruickshank, whom we may here notice, by the way, as one of the cleverest and freest-handed of our miniature portrait painters. Two large prints are also before us; one of that noble patron of art, *The Earl of Egremont*, by Lupton, after G. Clint, a fine work (somewhat too much overlaid, it may be, by the accessories) finely engraved; and the *Earl of Dalhousie*, receiving a pair of standards, painted by Mr. Watson Gordon, and engraved by J. Lupton. The lights in this picture are too obviously broken up; the eye is distracted, rather than impressed. Our last notices of humanity shall be a word or two concerning Mr. Chalon's clever lithograph of Grisi the superb, in her grandest part, Norma, and of Duvernoy's imitable "Cachucha," cleverly represented by Mr. J. F. Lewis.

After mentioning Mr. W. Bridgen's *West India Sketches*, as interesting from their novelty—and Mr. Harding's *Drawing Book*, as being a worthy link in a long chain of excellent elementary works—recommending a third illustrated book, *Horses, past, present, and to come*, to those who belong to the betting stand, and the hunting field—for a work of art it assuredly

is not,—we must close our present notice, by enumerating a round dozen of picture-books now in progress, upon the general claims and character of which we have descended in former numbers. Messrs. Fisher's *Views in Syria, the Holy Land, &c.* (at the 10th number)—Winkles' *Continental Cathedrals*, (at their 12th number)—the same artist's *English Cathedrals*, has reached its 19th part; Ely, Peterborough, and Norwich, being the last buildings represented. Mr. W. B. Cooke's *Rome*—far choicer in its execution than the above—is at its 6th number; the *Memories of Oxford*, at the 49th: this work seems to us, tellously spun out. Numbers 2, 3, and 4, of Godwin's *Churches of London*, are also before us: we wish the scale of the plates was a size larger, but they are faithfully drawn, and neatly engraved. Parts 31, 32, and 33, of Messrs. Fisher's *Picturesque Illustrations of Great Britain and Ireland*, are devoted to the wonders of the midland counties—while Fidèle's *Ports and Harbours of Great Britain* have reached a 6th Part: this work is an excellent one, and altogether to our taste. We may now give rest to our readers and ourselves, after recommending Numbers 4 and 5 of Mr. Smith's *Historical and Literary Cities*, to the lovers of autographs and "auld nick-nackets," and Part 6 of Mr. Shaw's *Specimens of the Details of Elizabethan Architecture*, and Parts 4, 5, and 6, of the same artist's *Encyclopædia of Ornament*, to such as are curious in borders and chasings, or admire the buildings of the days of "good Queen Bess."

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

##### DRURY LANE.

This Evening, LA SONNAMBULA (*Amico*, Mrs. Wood). On Monday, PIZAIRO. After which a Pantomime Sketch, in One Act, taken from OLD GAMMAR GURTON, or the Lost Needle. To conclude with THE CASTLE SPECTRE. On Tuesday, THE BARBER OF SEVILLE (*Rosina*, Mrs. Wood).

##### FRENCH PLAYS, LYCEUM.

On Monday, MATILDE; on, LA JALOUSIE. With LE CAUTTAINE, ROLAND; and LA QUARANTINE.

MR. MORI'S CONCERT in the Theatre of the Opera House, in order to accommodate his Patrons and Friends, on MONDAY, MAY 1st, at which Mons. Tholberg, the celebrated Pianist, will make his first appearance this season, and play a Grand Fantasia; Mesdames Grisi, Albertazzi, Caradori Allan, Mrs. Wood, Mad. Giannoni, Madile, Assandri, Mesdames H. R. Shaw, Signor Rubini, Signor Bazzini, Signor Sarti, Signor Tadini, Signor Polidori, Signor Bogni, Signor Sarti, Signor Leaders, Messrs. F. Cramer & Mori. Programmes at all the Music-shops. Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets at Mori & Lavena's, 28, New Bond-street.

KING'S THEATRE.—It gives us sincere pleasure to record the complete success of a countrywoman, upon an arena so trying as the Opera stage: especially when, as in the case of Madame Albertazzi, to whose *début* in the part of Cenerentola we of course allude, such success is gained at the outset, rather than the close of a professional career. Our new *contralto* has many years before her, in which to attain to the most perfect mastery over her beautiful and extensive voice—to ripen its middle portion, and thus connect its upper and lower notes, without any apparent discrepancy: this is, at present, the one thing needful. In execution, Madame Albertazzi has little to acquire:—not contented with the *florimenti* so plentifully strown by Rossini over the music of her part, she introduced a thousand changes and embellishments—some of them of a surpassing difficulty—and triumphed over the longest intervals, the most inextricable roulettes, with perfect ease and certainty. One or two of our contemporaries have, indeed, compared her to Malibran, on the score of her cadences—but we cannot admit the comparison. Malibran was only exuberant in ornament, from the excess of her animal spirits, and the superabundance of her fancy. Madame Albertazzi seemed, to us, to do what she did, rather by rote than by impulse: of this we shall have further opportunities of judging. Her face and figure are more than pleasing—her action tame, but still not inappropriate: on the whole, she is an acquisition to our Opera of the highest value, and well deserved the plaudits with which she was welcomed on Tuesday. We cannot but say a word concerning Lablache's most magnificent *Don Magnifico*, and Tamburini's *Dandini*—these were faultless. Ivanoff made but a feeble *Prince*; and the sisters of Cenerentola would, as usual, have disgraced a minor

theatre. How Castelli, and a certed music, Wyndham be

##### PHILHARMONIC

The performance of the Sinfonies has been said, were according to the critic, which filled the theatre. K. music has made and received for former occasions unmeaning; greeted with To ourselves similar light could read but we almost feel to us few difficulties and very transparent to solve; heard a bar or two never end day. We found constant respite in break loose to play—secure inense and vivacious orchestral colour; in his plastic the phrases its first movement, tremolando, i will be found in heaven's Pianoforte management variety of the a charming freed from the any appearance there is no which the music vanishes, if for orchestra. Why a coming being granted listener, above have encountered mouschky Choral Symphonies that either if not fatigued only for an every greater progressive these few Mocheles in which the parts were (who sung (who was your, Mr. The second esting one, berlino, was caused; and Lahore, a minor P. and brilliant M. Rosen better per and a style to caricature among the rum Meca of i

theatre. How could M. Laporte permit Madame Castelli, and Signora N. N., to murder all the concerted music, when Mdlle. Assandri and Miss Fanny Wyndham belong to his corps?

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Fourth Concert.**—The performance of Beethoven's last and most elaborate Sinfonia (No. 9), after so much that has been said, written, and disputed concerning it, was sure to excite a more than usual interest; and we were accordingly prepared for the crowded audience which filled the Hanover Square Rooms on Monday evening. Knowing, too, the immense stride which music has made in England of late years, we were prepared to find the work listened to with respect, and received with applause, instead of being, as on a former occasion, set aside as tedious, elaborate, and unmeaning; the Choral Symphony, however, was greeted with an enthusiasm which we did not expect. To ourselves it has been so often represented in a similar light with the Priest's book "which no one could read but himself, and he dared not read," that we almost feel a hesitation in saying that it offered to us few difficulties whatsoever, which a subsequent and very transient perusal of the score did not enable us to solve; and in further avowing that we never heard a bar of the Symphony till Monday evening—nor ever read a note of the score till the following day. We found in it grand effects innumerable—a constant resolution, on the part of its composer, to break loose from the ancient and symmetrical forms of composition, to give his imagination the freest play—secure in the consciousness, that all the immense and various resources of rhythm and time and orchestral contrast, were as completely submissive to his plastic hand, as clay in the gigantic palm of Michael Angelo. Hence the forms, free and bold as the phrases of a recitative, into which the theme of its first movement is cast: hence, too, the stupendous *tremolandi*, in the same *allegro*, a foretaste of which will be found by the student in the adagio of Beethoven's Pianoforte Trio, No. 1, Op. 70: hence, the management of the slow movement, in which every variety of time is employed to embellish and work out a charming subject; and the ear, while it is wholly freed from the constraints of rhythm, is not baulked by any apparent vagueness or irregularity. Of the *scherzo* there is no need to speak, as it contains no knots which the most limited musical capacity is not able to untie; and we think the difficulty of the *finale* at once vanishes, if it be considered as a descriptive *cantata* for orchestra and voices (not voices and orchestra). Why a composer should not thus close a symphony, if so please him, we cannot divine; and the licensee being granted, we see little more to embarrass the listener, above all, the listener of 1837, than he must have encountered on his first hearing of the Razumowsky Quartetts, or the Sinfonia Eroica. The Choral Symphony, to be sure, is longer and grander than either, and the attention becomes strained, if not fatigued, by being called upon uninterruptedly for an hour and a half; but we dare predict that every subsequent performance, which must improve greater ease on the part of the orchestra, will progressively raise the audience to its level. After these few casual remarks, we have but to praise Mr. Mocello to the utmost, for the admirable manner in which he conducted this grand work; the *solo* parts were carefully sustained by Mrs. H. R. Bishop (who sung out of tune all the evening), Miss Hawes (who is rapidly fulfilling our prophecies in her favour), Mr. Hornastle and Mr. Phillips.

The second act of the Concert was a very interesting one, being opened by the overture to "Zauberflöte," which, though to our ear taken too fast, was execrable; and including a harp-performance by M. Labarre, who played the first movement of Hummel's minor Pianoforte Concerto with the utmost finish and brilliancy, and a capriccio on the pianoforte by M. Rosenthal, who proved himself in it to be a far better performer than composer. He possesses a flexible and delicate finger, a deliciously sound shake, and a style expressive, without the slightest tendency to caricature. Czerny, the Herz of Vienna, was among the audience. This year, if we are to judge from rumours, London seems likely to become the Mecca of instrumentalists.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—A pleasant and lively translation from the French, called "The Modern Orpheus, or Music the Food of Love," has been lately produced here, and met with perfect success. It is excellently acted by Mrs. Glover, Mr. Farren, Mr. Tilbury, Mr. J. Webster, and Miss Lee. It is stated to be the work of Mr. Webster.

On Thursday, a drama, in three acts, by Mr. Sheridan Knowles, called "Brian Boroihme, or The Maid of Erin," was acted for the first time at this theatre. It is understood to have been written when its author was little known to the public, as long ago indeed as five and twenty years; and certainly, although, at that time, it might have held out promise of the high reputation which Mr. Knowles now so justly enjoys, it is not, at the present day, calculated to sustain that reputation. It has evidently undergone revision by its author, for every now and then the poetry of the man blazes above the prosiness of the boy; but these flashes illuminate their immediate vicinity, only to give more depth to the shadow beyond. Still there is much to admire, both in the serious and comic parts of the piece; we cannot go quite so far in speaking either of the operatic or melo-dramatic portions (for it partakes of all). In objecting to the operatic department, we would be understood as aluding only to the execution of it, for the selection of the music has, with the usual tact and good taste of Mr. Rodwell, been most appropriately made exclusively from the Irish melodies. Mr. Knowles modestly left himself but little to act, and that little he did well. Miss Helen Faustit acted remarkably well, and Mr. Vandenhoff was much applauded; though we were surprised to see him after his flight staggering from loss of blood, and yet alternately leaning his whole weight upon, and waving his sword, holding it all the time in the hand of the arm which was supposed to be cut to the bone. Miss Vincent played with great spirit and cleverness, in two or three well-written comic scenes, and well merited the applause she received. Curtailment is wanted, in the first act in particular, and then we think this piece might become attractive. There were most slovenly marks of haste in the getting it up, and the stage business was miserably arranged. The next time that Gog and Magog have a dinner in Guildhall, we recommend Mr. J. Webster to lend them his shield for a dripping-pan. Mr. Knowles, Miss Faustit, and Mr. Vandenhoff, were called for, and loudly cheered at the end.

#### MISCELLANEA

**Milton's Rustication from College.**—(To the Editor of the Atheneum)—Sir.—On looking lately into the first volume of Milton's Select Prose Works, edited by my friend Mr. St. John, I noticed that the biographers of the poet are not agreed as to the fact of his *Rustication* from the University. Among those who maintain the affirmative, or admit it, are Doctor Johnson, the Rev. W. Mitford, and Sir Egerton Brydges. Turning to Johnson's Life of Milton, I found the charge and the evidence on which it rests stated and commented on in the following terms:—"It seems plain, from his own verses to Diodati, that he had incurred *Rustication* (a temporary dismission into the country) with, perhaps, the loss of a term:—

Me tenet ubs refusa quan Tamesis aluit unda,  
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.  
Jan nec arundinum mibi cura revisere Camum,  
Nec dudum vetiti me Laris angit amor.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Si sit hoc exilium patris adiisse penates,  
Et vacuus curis otia grata sequi.  
Non ego vel profugii nonen, sorteunve recuso.  
Luctus et exilii conditione fruor.

"I cannot find any meaning, but this, which even kindness and reverence can give the term *vetiti Laris*, 'a habitation from which he is excluded,' or how *exile* can be otherwise interpreted."—Now it is quite clear to me that if this be the only evidence that can be adduced in support of the allegation, it must fall to the ground. In the first place, the Doctor's translation of the phrase *vetiti Laris* is not strictly correct; and, in the second, a very slight degree of attention to the scope of the entire passage will enable the reader (whether *kind and reverential* or otherwise) to discover that the inference the Doctor draws from it is unwarranted. The words *vetiti Laris* do not mean "a habitation from which he is excluded," but "a

habitation," or more properly "a domestic hearth which had been forbidden to him," and when taken in connexion with *dudum*, as they unquestionably ought to be, they denote a *domestic hearth which had been lately forbidden to him, but is so no longer*. In short, I am quite satisfied that the words in question refer, not to the University, but to his father's house, where he was residing at the time he addressed the Elegy to Diodati; and that the line in which they occur, taken in connexion with the context, contains simply the statement that it is one of the agreeable circumstances attending his present situation, that he is no longer afflicted with the *home-sickness* he used to experience when forbidden by the discipline of his college to visit the paternal mansion. As to the other expressions, *exsilmus* and *profugus*, they need not occasion the poet's "kind and reverential admirers" much uneasiness: it appears that the verses were addressed to Diodati in reply to a communication the poet had received from him; and in order satisfactorily to account for the terms under review, we have only to suppose that Diodati, ignorant of the feelings with which Milton now regarded the University, had condoled with him on his unavoidable absence from college during a recess, and had spoken of it as a state of exile. This view of his situation Milton repudiated in strains certainly not very complimentary to his *alma mater*; but which as certainly do not warrant the inference Doctor Johnson too readily drew from them, and which subsequent and less prejudiced biographers have too hastily adopted.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

ROBERT MACLURE.

**Professor Azelius.**—Professor Adam Azelius, the Nestor of scientific men in Sweden, died at Upsal, on the 30th of last January, aged eighty-six years. He was the last pupil of Linnaeus, and was celebrated for his travels in Asia and Africa. His African Herbarium, we believe, is now in the Banksian collection in the British Museum. His younger brothers, John and Peter, the first devoted to chemistry, and the second to medicine, are both distinguished for their talents, and have, for nearly half a century, occupied chairs in the University of Upsal.

**New Voyage round the World.**—The King of the French has, by a decision of the 26th of March, approved of a proposal of the Minister of the Marine, for a new voyage round the world, the conduct of which is to be confided to Capt. Dumont d'Urville. Two vessels are to be employed in this expedition: the *Astrolabe*, commanded by Capt. d'Urville, and the *Zélée*, by Capt. Jacquinot. These vessels are to sail from Toulon at the beginning of September next. After a short stay at the Cape Verd Islands, they will go to the South Polar Sea, passing between Sandwich land and New Shetland, in order to explore those seas, in which Weddel alone seems to have been able to reach the 74th degree of south latitude. The expedition will extend its researches towards the Pole as far as the ice may allow; then, turning back towards the north, M. d'Urville will pass through Magellan's Straits, where, notwithstanding the labours of Capt. King, it is believed that an ample harvest of discoveries still awaits the navigators who may explore them. The island of Chile, to the west of Patagonia, will then be carefully examined; after which the expedition will go to Valparaiso, to give the crews the repose they will require, and to make such repairs as may be necessary to enable the vessels to prosecute their voyage. Leaving that port in the spring of 1838, the ships will make for the Polynesian Islands; and, on arriving at Vavao, M. d'Urville will employ the first part of June in completing, by new observations, the work executed, in 1827, by the officers of the *Astrolabe*. The vessels will then visit Banks's Islands, to the north of the New Hebrides, which are hardly known, and Van Icoro, where, however, they go merely to visit the cenotaph erected to the memory of La Pérouse, and to obtain further information from the natives. Thence M. d'Urville will steer towards the Solomon Isles; and, if the condition of the vessels permit, he will proceed through Torres Straits, and visit the new Dutch colony, on the river Dourga, the Isles of Aroo and Key, and then go to Amboina. From Amboina the *Zélée* will be sent back to France, so that she will return a year before the *Astrolabe*, and will bring home the collections already made,





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